Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1835. Whole No. 723.

Tomb of Ibrahim Padsha.

The Tomb that is represented in this plate stands outside the walls of the city of Bejapore, not more than half a mile from the Mecca gate, by which the place is entered, on arriving at Bejapore from the northward. Amongst the many monarchs of Hindostan, who lie in rich and splendid sepulchres, there is scarcely one whose ashes are contained within a shrine of such magnificence and beauty, as those of Ibrahim Adil Shah, the fifth king of Bejapore. Capt. Sykes, in his account of this city, found in the third volume of the Bombay Transactions, gives the following notice of this grand and elegant structure.

"The next object is the tomb of Ibrahim Padshah, situated without the walls, near the Mecca gate. It was built in twelve years, and is a light, highly finished structure, with a mosque adjoining; the whole contained within a strong wall, through which is a large and handsome gateway. The buildings are of stone, and the decorations, in relief, are equal to anything in India, for infinite variety and elegance of design and for the ability of the execution. The whole walls of the exterior of the tomb, and the ceiling of the open veranda which surrounds it, are covered with sentences from the Koran, mingled with wreaths of flowers, enclosed in compartments; and the border of each compartment differs in pattern from that of the adjoining. The letters were gilt, and the ground azure; the gilding and colour are yet preserved in some places, and the brilliancy of the azure is remarkable. The windows, instead of lattice or fret-work, are composed of Arabic sentences, cut out of stone tables, the space between each letter perforating the stone, and admitting the light. Three or four ordinary tomb-stones inside, are covered with tattered silks. What is very curious in this tomb is, that the ceiling is quite flat, made of square slabs of stone, without any apparent support: over this is a room with a convex ceiling, but the curvature is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; upon this is raised the admirably proportioned dome. The numerous stone minarets are all highly decorated and in good taste."

Captain G. Sydenham, in his description of Bejapore, in the year 1811, found in the thirteenth volome of the Asiatic Researches, shews that this city has only of late years come into any notice, or attracted any attention from the present possessors of India. He writes in the following terms respecting the remains of this extraordinary capital:—

"The most conspicuous of the buildings outside the fort is the *Makbara* of Sultan Ibrahim the Second. On the exterior of the body of the mausoleum over which the dome is raised, the walls are carved into Arabic inscriptions, sculptured with great skill, and disposed in every variety of ornament. The gilding and enamel, however, is entirely defaced, excepting in a small part in one of the sides, where its remains give a faint idea of its former lustre. A person looking at the illuminated page of a beautiful oriental manuscript, magnifying this, and fancying it to be represented by sculpture, painting, and gilding, on the face of a wall of black granite, will have some conception of the labour, skill, and brilliancy of this work. The whole of the Koran is said to be carved on the the four sides of this elegant structure, in which the utmost art and taste of the architect and the sculptor have combined to produce the richest effect. This beautiful building, with its mosque, was erected by Ibrahim for his deceased daughter, Zuhrah Sultan, and on his death his remains were deposited here. It has unfortunately sustained some injury from shot, which were directed against the tents of Aurugzebe, who first encamped a little beyond the tomb." That extraordinary brass or composition gun, that stands on a rampart in the wall of Bejapore, which seems as if built on purpose to rec ive it, points towards this edifice. This singular piece of ordnance is well known in India. It is said to be about 40 tons in weight; and it is calculated, that the shot in iron would weigh upwards of a thousand pounds. The chamber is nearly half its length, which is only fourteen feet altogether, so that it has a clumsy, mis-shapen appearance. There is said to be an annual resort of Hindoos to this gun, and that it has a few constant attendants, who place flowers and perfumes in and about it, as if it were an object of religious reverence. When the writer saw it in the year 1823, it appeared to be deserted, and visitors were left to crawl in and out of it, for curiosity's sake, at their will and pleasure.

In the accounts given of the tomb of Ibrahim Padshah, it will be remarked, that the ornament and carving is the thing principally spoken of. In truth, it is much easier to give a minute description of such a building, than to convey any thing like an adequate idea to the mind of any one, of the grand and imposing effect of a structure, the design of which is so noble, and the proportions so admirable.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES,

On seeing an American Pilot Boat on the 5th June 1832, (on board United States Ship Brandywine at sea,) being the first the author had seen for nearly four years.

Hail! gallant bark thy presence here bespeaks
That we are near our native land once more;
I see thy flag with white and crimson streaks,
The flag that waves o'er freedom's happy shore.
Hail! to those stars that proudly shine on high,
And dart their beaming splendours all around,
Bright as their likeness in our own blue sky
That shed their influence o'er fair freedom's ground.
May that proud flag long float up on the air,
As on the day when it was first unfurled,
When our young country did her tyrants dare,
And stood the admiration of the world.
That country I am proud to call my own,
Her much loved shores I hail with pure delight,
Though it has been my fate else where to roam,
My country's skies has been my guiding light.
Nought shall remove me from her shores again,
Nor tempt me o'er the ocean wide to stray,
I never more will plough the stormy main
Where tempests howl and vivid lightnings play.
Anticipation fondly warms my breast,
And bids me dream of bliss without alloy,
That in my home I may again be blest,
And my past misery give a zest to joy.

RED GAUNTLET.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post,

THAT GENTLEMAN,

OR PENCILLINGS ON SHIP-BOARD.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight. BYRON.

"And now, dear Caroline, tell us some particulars of your passage home," said Mrs. Esdale to her sister, as they quitted the tea-table on the evening of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton's arrival from a visit to Europe.

"Our passage home," replied Mrs. Fenton, "was moderately short, and generally pleasant. We had a good ship, a good captain, splendid accomodations, an excellent table, and were not crowded with too many passengers."

"Yet, let us hear something more circumstantial," said Mrs. Esdale.

"Dear Henrietta," replied her sister, "have I not often told you how difficult it is to relate any thing amusingly or interestingly when you are expressly called upon to do so; when you are expected to set up in form, and furnish a regular narrative, with a beginning, a middle, and an end."

"But, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Esdale, "we have anticipated much pleasure from hearing your account of the voyage. Come,—let us take our seats in the front parlour, and leave your husband and mine to their discussion of the political prospects of both hemispheres. The girls and myself would much rather listen to your last impressions of life on ship-board."

"Do, dear aunt," said both the daughters of Mrs. Esdale, two fine girls of seventeen and fifteen—and taking their seats at the sofa-table, they urged Mrs. Fenton to commence.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Fenton, "to begin in the manner of the fairy tales—once upon a time there lived in the city of New York, a merchant whose name was Edward Fenton—and he had a wife named Caroline Fenton. And notwithstanding that they had a town-house and a country house, and a coach to ride in, and fine clothes, and fine furniture, and plenty of good things to eat and to drink, they grew tired of staying at home and being comfortable. So they made away in a ship, and never stopped till they got to England. And there they saw the king and queen, with gold crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hand—(by the bye it was lucky that we arrived in time for the coronation)—and they heard the king cough, and the queen sneeze: and they saw lords with ribbons and stars, and ladies with plumes and diamonds. They travelled and travelled, and often came to great castles that looked like giant's houses: and they went all over England and Wales, and Ireland and Scotland. Then they returned to London, and saw more sights: and then they were satisfied to come back to America, where they expect to live happily all the rest of their lives."

"Now aunt, you are laughing at us," said Juliet Esdale—"your letters from Europe have somewhat taken off the edge of our curiosity as to your adventures there: and it is just now our especial desire to hear something of your voyage home."

"In truth," replied Mrs. Fenton, "I must explain, that on this, the first evening of my return, I feel too happy, and too much excited to talk systematically on any subject whatever; much less to arrange my ideas into the form of a history. To-morrow I shall be organized all day at my own house: for I must preside at the awakening of numerous articles of furniture that have been indulged during our absence with a long slumber; some being covered up in cases, and some shut up in closets, or disrespectfully imprisoned in the attics. But I will come over in the evening; and, if we are not interrupted by visitors, I will read you some memorandums that I made on the passage. I kept no regular journal, but I wrote a little, now and then, chiefly for my amusement, and to diversify my usual occupations of reading, sewing and walking the deck. Therefore, excuse me to-night, and let me have my humour, for I feel exactly in the vein to talk an infinite deal of nothing."

"Aunt Caroline," said Clara, "you know that, talk as you will, we always like to hear you. But we shall long for to-morrow evening."

"Do not, however, expect a finished picture of a sea-voyage," said Mrs. Fenton, "I can only promise you a few slight outlines, filled up with a pale tint and without lights or shadows, like the Chinese pictures that we see sometimes on their tea-chests.

On the following evening, the gentlemen having gone to a public meeting, and measures being taken for the exclusion of waiters, Mrs. Esdale and her daughters seated themselves at the table with their work, and Mrs. Fenton produced her manuscript book, and read as follows: having first reminded her auditors that her husband and herself, instead of embarking at London, had gone by land to Portsmouth, and from thence crossed over to the Isle of Wight, where they took apartments at the principal hotel in the little town of Cowes, at which place the ship was to touch on her way down the British Channel.

Having amply availed ourselves of the opportunity (afforded by a three days' sojourn) of exploring the beauties of the Isle of Wight, we felt some impatience to find ourselves fairly afloat, and actually on our passage "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea." On the fourth afternoon, we walked down to the beach, and strolled amid shells and sea-weed, along the level sands at the foot of a range of those chalky cliffs that characterize the southern coast of England. It was a lovely day. A breeze from the west was ruffling the crests of the green transparent waves, and wafting a few light clouds across the intelligence of the declining sun, whose beams danced radiantly on the surface of the water, gilding the black and red sails of the fishing boats, and then withdrawing, at intervals, and leaving the sea in shade.

"Should this wind continue," said Mr. Fenton, "we may be detained here a week, and have full leisure to clamber again among the ruins of Carisbrook Castle, and to gaze at the eleven chalk-rocks of Shanklane Chine, and the other wonders of this pleasant little island."

We then approached an old disabled sailor, who was smoking his pipe, seated on a dismantled cannon that lay prostrate on the sands, its iron mouth choked up with the sea-weed that the tide had washed into it; and on entering into conversation with him, we found that he was an out pensioner of Greenwich hospital, and that for the last ten years, he had passed most of his time about Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

"Have you ever known a ship come down from London with such a wind as this?" enquired Mr. Fenton.

"No," replied the sailor, "After she doubles Beachy Head, the wind would be right in her teeth."

"Then," said Mr. Fenton, turning to me—"till it changes, we may give up all hope of seeing our gallant vessel."

"What ship are you looking for?" asked the sailor.

"The Washington."

"Oh! an American ship—ere, *she'll* come down. They can make their way with any sort of wind."*

He had scarce'y spoken, when the flag of our country appeared beyond the point, its bright stars half obscured by the ample folds of the white and crimson stripes that, blown backward by the adverse breeze, were waving across them. In a moment the snowy sails of the Washington came full into view, shaded with purple by the setting sun.

"There she is!" exclaimed my husband. "There she comes—it not an American ship one of the most beautiful objects created by the hand of man! Well, indeed, do they merit the admiration that is so frankly accorded to them by every nation of the earth."

My husband, in his enthusiasm, shook the hand of the old sailor, and slipped some money into it. We remained on the beach looking at the ship till

"——o'er her bow the rustling cable rung,
The sails were furl'd; and anchoring round she swung."

A boat was then lowered from her stern, and the captain came off in it. He was received with us to the house, and informed us that he should leave Cowes early the following day. We soon completed the preparations for our final departure, and before eight o'clock next morning we had taken our last step on British ground, and were installed in our new abode on the world of waters. Several of the passengers had come down in the ship from London; others, like ourselves, had preferred commencing their voyage from the Isle of Wight; and some, as we understood, were to join us at Plymouth.

We sailed immediately. The breeze freshened, and that night, and the next day there was much general discomfort from sea-sickness; but, fortunately for us both, I was but very slightly affected by that distressing malady, and Mr. Fenton not at all.

On the third day, we were enabled to lay our course with a fair wind and a clear sky; the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Towards evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descry it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton, and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade slowly from our view, we thought with regret of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of all we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which nothing now remained to our lingering gaze, but a dark spot so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer: and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned towards the region of the descending sun—

"To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn."

and we vainly endeavoured to direct all our thoughts and feelings towards our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

On that night, as on many others, when our ship was careering through the foam, with her yards squared, and her sails all trimmed to a fresh and favouring breeze, while we sat on a sofa in the lower cabin, and looked up through the open sky light at the stars that seemed dying over our heads, we talked of the land we had so recently quitted. We talked of her people, who though differing from ours in a thousand minute particulars, are still essentially the same; for our laws, our institutions, our manners, and our customs, are with little variation, founded upon them. Their arts are our arts; their noble and copious language is also ours; their Shakspeares belongs likewise to us: and we rejoice that we can possess ourselves of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in all their original freshness and splendour, uncontaminated by the mist of translation. Though the ocean divides our dwelling places, though the sword and the cannon-shot have rendered the bonds that once united us in her dominion: though the misery present, none of travelling adventurers have done much to foster mutual prejudices, and to embitter mutual jealousies, still we share the pride of our parent in the glorious beings she can number among the children of her island home, for

"Yet lives the blood of England in our veins."

On the fourth day of our departure from the Isle of Wight, we found ourselves several hundred miles from land, and consigned to the solitudes of that ocean-desert, "dark-heaving—boundless—endless—and sublime"—whose travellers find no path before them and leave no track behind. But the wind was favourable, the sky was bright, the passengers had recovered their health and spirits, and for the first time were all able to present themselves at the dinner-table; and there was really what might be termed "a goodly company."

It is no longer the custom in American packet ships for ladies to promenade as what is called a sea-dress; that is a sort of dishabille prepared expressly for the voyage. Those who are not well enough to devote some little time and attention to their personal appearance, rarely come to the general table, but take their meals in their own apartment. The gentlemen also, pay as much respect to their toilet as when on shore.

The coup d'œil of the dinner table very much resembles that of a fashionable hotel. All the appurtenances of the repast are in handsome style. The eatables are many of them such, as, even on shore, would be considered delicacies, and they are never deficient in abundance and variety. Whatever may be the state of the weather, or the motion of the ship, the steward and the cook are attending in their duty; constantly fulfilling their arduous functions with the same care and regularity. The breakfast table is always covered with a variety of relishes, and warm cakes—At noon there is a luncheon of pickled oysters, cold ham, tongue, &c. The dinner consists of fowls, ducks, geese, turkies, fresh pork or mutton; for every ship is well supplied with live poultry, pigs and sheep. During the first week of the voyage there is generally fresh beef on the table, it being brought on board from the last place at which the vessel has touched: and it is kept on deck wrapped closely in a sail-cloth and attached to one of the masts, the salt atmosphere preserving it. Every day at the dessert there are delicious pies and puddings, followed by almonds, raisins, oranges, &c.; and the tea-table is profusely set out with rich cakes and sweetmeats. For the tea there is always an ample store of sage, arrow root, pearl barley, tamarinds, &c. Many persons have an opportunity, during their passage across the Atlantic, of living more luxuriously than they have ever done in their lives, or perhaps ever will again.

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself. It formed our drawing room; the gentlemen being admitted only as visitors. One of the ladies was Mrs. Calcott, an amiable and intelligent woman, who was returning with her husband from a long residence in England. Another was Miss Harriet Audley, a very pretty and very lively young lady from Virginia, who had been visiting a married sister in London, and was now on her way home under the care of the captain, expecting to meet her father in New York. We were much amused during the voyage, with the coquetry of our fair Virginian, as she aimed her arrows at nearly all the single gentlemen in turn; and with her frankness in openly talking of her designs, and abundantly varying on their good or ill success. The gentlemen, with the usual vanity of their sex, always believed Miss Audley's attacks on their hearts to be made in earnest, and that she was deeply smitten with each of them in succession; notwithstanding that the smile in her eye was far more frequent than the blush in her cheek, and notwithstanding that many in the neighbourhood of Richmond, whose constancy it was supposed, she would eventually reward with her hand, as he might be considered, in every sense of the term, an excellent match.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minories, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places with equally expressive names, in most of which she had friends or acquaintances located.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, "Jubs, ask that gentleman if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him." My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Jubs's movements, feeling some curiosity to know who "that gentleman" was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by wakeness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to enquire of that gentleman if he would have anything sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—"There boys, don't you hear that gentleman ring his bell—why don't you go spontaneously—jump, one of you, to number eleventeen." I was puzzled for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleventeen, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our colored people. Once or twice, I wondered who that gentleman could be; but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now when I heard Captain Sentlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded that, of course, that gentleman must be visible in proper persons, and casting my eyes town ds the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Sentlow, who he congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down, and requesting Mr. Cummough (who was eating a nut, while discussing his walnuts, with his chair balanced on one leg, and his head leaning against the mainmast) to let him pass for a moment, while he went into No. eleventeen for that gentleman's over-coat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleventeen. By the bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Sentlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his sudden illness commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummings, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had been trying to write at the table in the Ladies' Cabin, but it was one of those days when

"Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavour to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction, though sometimes miraculously escaping ashort.

While I was in chase the progress of two pitchers that had been towed out of the washing-stand; and after deluging the floor with water, had met in the Ladies' Cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth, with his room door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out "Ram boys, run, that gentleman's smothering up in flour—go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves, and sometimes leaping out of them, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown Englishman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as it is usually the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry, and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Sentlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings and she confided to him her parental alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always deranged, and sitting and waiting about; apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were occupied in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, &c.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that she had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not dispersed every where about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed so him, in an undertone, the obstinacy and scrivelity of the captain, who she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay implored him to do so, even when she was suffering with sea-sickness, and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands.

One day, while we were all three sitting in the round-house, (that very pleasant little saloon on the upper deck, at the head of the cabin-staircase) my attention was diverted from my book by hearing Mrs. Cummings say to that gentleman, "Pray sir, can you tell me what is the matter with that poor man's head? I mean the man that has to stand always at the wheel there, holding it fast and turning it. I hear the captain call out to him every now and then, (and in a very rough voice too, sometimes) "How is your head?" and "How is your head now?" I cannot understand what the man says in answer, so I suppose he speaks American; but the captain often tells him "to keep it steady." And once I heard the captain call out "Port—port," which I was very glad of, concluding that the poor fellow had nearly given out, and he was ordering a glass of port wine to revive him. Do you think, sir, that the poor man at the wheel has a constant headache like my friend Mrs. Dowlish, of Leadenhall street, or that he has hurt his head somehow, by falling out of the main, or tumbling down the rope-ladders—(there now—we've struck a rock!—every one, me—what a life we lead! I wish I was in Ludgate Hill.) Talking of hurts, I have not escaped them myself, for I've had my bruises; and yet the captain is so rude as to turn a deaf ear, and keeps smiling on all the same, even when the breath is nearly knocked out of me, and though I've offered several times to pay him for mopping, but he only laughs at me. By the bye, when I get back again to dear old England, and I'm sorry enough that I ever left it (as Mr. Blackhouse, the great corn-chandler, in Whitechapel, told me I certainly should be) I'll see and take my passage with a captain that has more feeling for the ladies. As for this one, he never lets the ship rest a minute, but keeps forcing her on day and night. I doubt whether she'll last the voyage out, with all this wear and tear—and then if she should give in, what's to become of us all? If he would only let her stand still while we are at table, that we might eat our dinners in peace!—Laugh it's seldom I'm well enough to eat anything to speak of—I often make my whole dinner of the leg of a winged goose, and a slice or two of plumb pudding; but there's no comfort in eating, when we are one minute thrown forward with our heads bowing down to the very table cloth, and the next minute flung back with them knocking against the wall."

"There was the other day at breakfast you know, we had all the cabin windows shut up at eight o'clock in the morning, which they called putting in the dead-lights—I thought sure why shutters should be called so such time that we had to breakfast with candle. There must have been some strange mismanagement, or we need not have been put to all that inconvenience; and then when the ship almost fell over, they let a great flood of sea come pouring down among us, sweeping the plates off the table, and washing the very cups out of our hands, and filling our mouths with salt water, and ruining our dresses. I wonder what my friend Mrs. Danks, of Crutched Friars, would say if she had all this to go through—she that is so afraid of the water, that she won't go over London Bridge for fear it should break down with her, and therefore runs nobody that lives on the Borough—there now—a rock again! I wish I was in St. Paul's Church Yard! Dear me!—what will become of us!"

"Upon my word I can't tell," said that gentleman, as he rose and walked out on deck.

I then discovered to me the old lady night, by explaining to her that the business of the man at the wheel was to steer the vessel, and that he was not always the same person, the helmsman being changed at regular periods. I also made her understand that the captain only meant to ask him in what direction was the head of the ship—and that "port—port," signified that he should put up the helm to the larboard or left side.

I could not forbear repeating to Captain Sentlow the ludicrous mistake of Mrs. Cummings, and her unfounded sympathy for the man at the wheel. He laughed, and said it reminded him of a story he had heard concerning an old Irish woman, a steerage passenger, that early in the morning after a stormy night, was found by the mate, cautiously creeping along the deck, and looking round at every step, with a bottle of whiskey half concealed under her apron. On the mate asking her what she was going to do with the whiskey, she replied, "I'm a looking for that crayture Bill Lay, that ye were all calling upon the whole night long, and not giving him a minute to rest himself. I lay in my bed and I heard ye roaring and shouting over head!—'twas nothing but Bill Lay here, and Bill Lay there, and Bill Lay this, and Bill Lay that—and a weary time he's had of it—for it was ye ourselves that could do nothing without him, great shame to ye. And I thought I'd try and find him out, the sowl, and bring him a drop of comfort, for it's himself that needs it."

Mrs. Cummings's compassion for the helmsman was changed into a sense that different feeling a few days after. The captain and Mr. Fenton were sitting near the wheel earnestly engaged in a game of chess. The wind had been directly a-head for the last twenty-four hours, and several of the passengers were pacing the deck, and looking alternately at the sails and the dog-vane—suddenly there was an exclamation from one of them, of "Captain—captain—the wind has changed—it has just gone about." Captain Sentlow started up, and perceived that the little flag was apparently blowing in another direction; but on looking at the compass, he discovered the truth—it was now found that the mariners, who happened to understand chess, was so interested with the game which was playing immediately before him, that he had for a moment forgotten his duty, and inadvertantly allowed the head of the ship to fall off half a dozen points from the wind.

This was the only time during our voyage that we saw Captain Sentlow lose his temper. He was much incensed at the helmsman, and would have punished him by stopping his allowance of grog; but Mr. Fenton (having a sympathetic feeling for any one that could forget everything else while looking at a game of chess) soon succeeded in obtaining a pardon for the poor fellow.

This little incident afforded an additional excitement to the ever ready fears of Mrs. Cummings, who now took it into her head that if (as she phrased it) the wheel was turned the wrong way, it would overset the ship. Upon finding that the delinquent was an American, she opined that there could be no safety in a vessel where the sailors understood chess. And whenever we had a fresh breeze (such as she always persisted in calling a violent storm) she was very importunate with the captain not to allow the chess-man to take the wheel.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cummings, "I am sure there is no such thing to be Majesty's ships, as sailors knowing chess or any of those hard things that are enough to set one crazy to think of—as my own dear country, people are seeing of their wits. But you Americans always know more of every thing than you ought to. I don't wonder so low of you to look pleasant and ruddy. You all wear yourselves out with head work. Your eyes are not half so big as ours, for they are fairly sunk in your heads with thinking and contriving. To be sure, at our house in the Minories we always kept a pack of cards in the parlour closet. But we never played any but very easy games, for it was not our way to make a toil of a pleasure. (Mercy on me!—what a rock!—I wish I was at the Back of St. Clements!)—How I have seen the Potheridge family in Throgmorton street, ponder and study over a game of whist as if their lives depended on every card. I had to play whist whenever I drank tea there, for they were never satisfied unless they were at it every night; and I hated it because I always happened to get old Miss Nancy for a partner, and she was so sharp and so cross, and was continually finding fault with me for something she called reneging. Whenever I gave out that I was one by honours, she always said it was no such thing; and she downright scolded, when after she had played an ace I played a king; or when she had trumped first, and I made all sure by trumping too. Now what I say is this—a trick can't be too well taken. But I'm not for whist—give me a good easy game, where you can't go wrong, such as I've been used to all my life; though, no doubt, when I get to America, I shall find my son Jacky playing chess and whist, and despising Beggar my neighbour."

In less than a fortnight after we had left the British Channel we were off the Banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little, about seven in the morning, and we then discovered no less than three ice-bergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the main-mast head, and at the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a light-house on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams gleamed fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the side of the ship we could not discern the sea—Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the ice-bergs would have been terrible. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked a while from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main-deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog-dew. Most of the passengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cummings being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company, being too anxious to remain below.

About day-break, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"The conscious vessel waked as from a trance"—A breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the ice-bergs, which were soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Towards noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely, he had "died and made no sign." To our shames be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no enquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen any thing of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madam"—replied Hamilton—"I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least, I rather expect he was."

The waiter Jubs was now appealed to, "I believe, madam," said Jubs—"I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-baskets yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but eagerly remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all day yesterday as usual; yet will it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not no-where, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do madam," exclaimed the steward, looking as it suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said with a triumphant flourish of his hand," "There he is, ladies, there he is in the upper berth fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing gown. I opinionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the ice bergers—Of course nobody noticed him—but there he is now, safe enough."

Instantly we proceeded *en masse* towards No. eleventeen to convince ourselves: and there indeed we saw that gentleman lying asleep in his double cashmere dressing gown. He opened his eyes, and seemed all the servants ranged before us, all the ladies in the room, and gazing in at him: and then we all stole off, looking foolish enough.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however,—so, we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we choose to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name."

"I suspect," said Mr. Fenton, who had just then entered the cabin,—"we shall find it

'——a name unpronounceable,
Which nobody can speak and nobody can spell.'"

"I never," observed Mrs. Cummings, "knew but one name that could neither be spoke nor spelt—and that was the great General's, that was so often in the papers at the time people were talking about the Poles."

"Scarrynecki!" said Mr. Fenton.

"Oh! I don't know how you call him," replied Mrs. Cummings—"but Mr. Upshaw of Great Knight Rider street, said it was 'Screw him sky high.'" And Dr. Mangleman of Castleton street, (who was always to me a very disagreeable person, because he always talked of disagreeable things) said it was "Squeeze neck and eyes out." A very unpleasant man was Dr. Mangleman. His talk was enough to make well people sick, and sick people sicker—I'm glad he's not on board o' ship with us. He told us one day at Mrs. Winceby's dinner-table, when some of us were eating calves head, and some roast pig, about his dissecting a man that was hanged, and how he took his knife and—

"I really believe," said I, wishing to be spared the story, "that we have actually struck a rock, this time."

"There now," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "you see I am right, after all. If it is not a rock it is one of those great hills of ice that has turned about and is coming right after us—Mercy on us! I wish I was in Middle Row, Holborn! Let us go on deck, and see."

We went on deck, and saw a whale, which was spouting at a distance. While looking at it, we were joined by Captain Sentlow, and the conversation turning entirely on whales, that gentleman and his name were again forgotten.

Among the numerous steerage passengers was a young man whose profession was that of a methodist preacher. Having succeeded in making some religious impressions on the majority of his companions, he one Sunday obtained their consent to his performing divine service that evening in the steerage: and respectfully intimated that he would be highly gratified by the attendance of any of the cabin passengers that would condescend to honour him so far. Accordingly, after tea, most of us descended to the steerage at early candle-light, and found every thing prepared for the occasion. A barrel, its head covered with a piece of sail-cloth, served as a desk, lighted by two yellowish dip candles placed in empty porter bottles. But as there was considerable motion, it was found that the bottles would not rest in their stations; therefore, they were held by two boys. The chests and boxes nearest to the desk, were the seats allotted to the ladies and gentlemen: and the steerage people ranged themselves behind.

A hymn was sung to a popular tune. The prayer and sermon were delivered in simple but impressive language, for the preacher, though a poor and illiterate man was not deficient either in sense or feeling and was evidently imbued with the most sincere piety. There was something solemn and affecting in the aspect of the whole scene with all its rude arrangements, and also in the idea of the lonely and insulated situation of our little community with "one wide water all around us." And when the preacher in his homely but fervent language, returned thanks for our hitherto prosperous voyage, and prayed for our speedy and safe arrival at our destined port, tears stood in the eyes of many of his auditors. I thought, when it was over, how frequently such scenes must have occurred between the decks of the May-flower, during the long and tempestuous passage of that pilgrim band who finally

"moored their bark
On the wild New England shore,"—

and how often

Amid the worm they sung,
And the stern heard and the sea—

when the wise and pious Brewster lifted his voice in exhortation and prayer, and the virtuous Carver, and the gallant Standish, bowed their heads in devotion before him.

Another of the steerage passengers was a lieutenant in the British army, a man about forty years old, of excellent education, polished manners and a fine military deportment. He was accompanied by his family, and they excited much sympathy among the ladies and gentlemen of the cabin. He had a wife, a handsome, modest, and intelligent looking woman, and five very pretty children, three boys and two girls. Being reduced to half-pay, seeing no chance of promotion, and weary of living on "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," Lieutenant Lynford had resolved to emigrate, and settle on a grant of land accorded to him in Canada in consequence of his having been in service there during our last war. He believed that the new world would offer better prospects to his children, and that he could there support his family at less expense than in Europe. Unable to afford the cost of their passage in the cabin, he was under the painful necessity of bringing them over in the steerage, amidst all its unimaginable and revolting inconveniences.

It was impossible to regard this unfortunate and misplaced family without emotions of deep interest and sincere commiseration: they were so evidently out of their proper sphere, and it must have been so painful to the feelings of a gentleman and lady to live in almost immediate contact with the coarse and vulgar inmates of that crowded and comfortless part of the vessel.

Mr. Fenton, and others of the gentlemen, took great pleasure in conversing with Lieutenant Lynford; though, according to rule, the poor officer, was not permitted, as a steerage passenger, to come aft the mainmast. Therefore, their conversations had to take place at the extreme limits of the boundary line, which the lieutenant was scrupulous in never overstepping.

His w

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, June 6.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ Where addressed the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the numbers are received.

☞ Very many subscribers and agents are extremely dilatory. We shall be obliged to discontinue the agencies at Alexandria, D. C., Ellicott's Mills, Nashville, Huntsville and Mobile, and cut off all our subscriptions at those places, unless some small share of attention and punctuality is attended to us.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Senex will receive attention.

We approve, most cordially, the truly national and patriotic sentiments in the article entitled "Columbia's Cause," signed Mary; but regret that the writer has shown more zeal than discretion in the construction of her lines. There is too much servility among Americans in respect to the literature of England, and we rejoice at every endeavour to throw it off. Writers, however, in speaking of this subject, should be very careful that their own language and thoughts do no discredit to the cause they advocate.

The Address on Female Education, by W. B. W. will be published.

"X." "B. M. D." and "Juvenis," we respectfully decline.

☞ In the article signed Senex, published in our last paper, several errors occurred, which, in justice to the writer, we would point out, were we not convinced that they are errors which the intelligent reader will readily discover and correct for himself. Entire accuracy in these matters seems to be quite impossible, as we are very strenuous in our exertions to do full justice to all our correspondents.

Mr. Mills made a successful ascension in a balloon, from Lancaster, on the afternoon of Saturday last.—He landed in York county, about sixteen miles from the place of starting.

The election of Brigadier General, on Monday last, occasioned a spirited excitement among the volunteers and militia of this city. Major Fritz was elected, it is stated, by a small majority.

The editor of the Gerrysburg Wreath offers premiums for the best original tale, and the best original poem, that may be sent to him on or before the first day of July next; the premiums to consist of volumes of literary works.

Our readers will observe in another column, advertisements of Summer Boarding, in the pleasant and healthy village of West Chester. A pleasant ride of a few hours on the Rail Road, (which now extends to West Chester, and will shortly pass through it to Port Deposit) carries you near to Mr. Everhart's very handsome new hotel, where families, transient or permanent boarders, will meet with very agreeable accommodations, and the hospitable attentions of a truly courteous Chester County gentleman. These, with the pleasant scenery around, the groves on the banks of the Brandywine, and a rich and highly cultivated country, make a short release from the business of the city, a desirable recreation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Bicknell's Counterfeit Detector, for June, has just been published in pamphlet form. This is a very useful publication to all persons in the habit of handling bank-bills.

Japhet in Search of a Father.—Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published the first volume of a new work under this title, by Captain Maryatt, author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. It is fully equal in interest to either of the writer's previous works, and ably sustains his reputation as an author of superior merit. The simplicity of style, novelty of incident, and well-digested plot, will render it an unusually popular work.

The Italian Sketch Book, of which we spoke last week, has just appeared from the press of Key & Biddle. A further acquaintance with its pages, confirms our favourable impression of the author's talents, and we cordially recommend the work as one which will afford every reader an agreeable intellectual entertainment. The Sketch Book is comprised in a neat 18mo. of 216 pages.

Chances and Changes—two vols.—*Carey, Lea & Blanchard.*—We find a copy of this work upon our table, and have found time to cast a cursory glance agreeably diversified with sketches of English scenery, the social domestic enjoyments of life, and a peep at the world of fashion. The hasty nature of our perusal will not permit us to say more of it, although we doubt not that its general tenor is agreeable. It is a republication from the London edition.

Voyage of the Potomac.—Mr. Reynolds' journal of a voyage in the frigate Potomac, during the circumnavigation of the globe in the years 1831—34, has just been published, in a handsome octavo, by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is embellished with several engravings, among which are—a view of the action at Quallah Battoo, between the crew of the Potomac and the Malays, and a view of Lima, before its destruction by the great earthquake of 1746. A particular account of the action with the Malays is given, with all the official documents on the subject.

This work, embracing as it does the observations of an intelligent American, on the habits, dispositions, and institutions of many nations with whom we are not familiar—sketches of various countries—and the incidents which a traveller invariably meets—will naturally possess strong attractions for the general reader. It is a delightful volume, and one that cannot fail to repay, in agreeable entertainment and useful information, the time and attention necessary for a perusal.

We shall refer to the work again.

Blackbeard—*A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia.*—From the perusal of the amusing volumes bearing the above title, we have derived much pleasure. Much matter of fact, connected with the early history of our city, is ingeniously blended with fictitious incidents, and pourtrayed with irresistible humor. The author, whoever he is, (and we note that several speculations on the subject have been started by our contemporaries) has made himself master of many events which will be found interesting to the reader, especially those relating to Blackbeard, whose atrocities upon the coast, have rendered his career part of the history of our county.—The Episode of Mark Scheveling forms an agreeable relief from the regular chain of the narrative and will be found to convey much instruction.—Altogether, we view the work as fully equal in interest to any of the publications of the day.

It is from the press of the Harpers, and may be procured at the book store of Mr. Perkins, Chesnut street.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 11.

Sir Oracle and Squibb conversing—Fustian asleep with the "Two Friends," by Lady Blessington, in his hands.

Squibb. You closed your remarks at our last meeting, Sir Oracle, with a sweeping denunciation of several works that have lately appeared. I think you were too severe.

Sir Oracle. Not so; to a candid mind, there is something truly alarming in the rapidity with which works of a certain class are issued forth from the press, having no possible end, save to demoralize the already wavering principles of the community. I repeat the assertion which I then made, that they should be suffered to lumber the shelves of those publishers, who in printing them, are accessory to the destruction of good, sound, moral, and a proper standard of taste, throwing before the minds of the young and giddy, poison of the most dangerous kind, and drawing them by the effects of seductive metaphor, and bombastic verbiage, from studies which would have a beneficial tendency in maturing the judgment and improving the mind.

Squibb. Am I to understand you as particularising, or are you one of that bigoted class who decry works of fiction as injurious to the reader.

Sir Oracle. Not in the abstract. My strictures, are confined to a few, I am happy to say, but a few authors, whose ideas of morality being somewhat loose, they feel now as ashamed to clothe their pages with sentiments which would disgrace a prison—for instance—The Auto Biography of Jack Ketch. Have you perused it?

Squibb. I have, and to do the critics of the diurnal press justice, must say, that in noticing it, they have not overrated its general merits. In these stagnant times, we should prize an author, who, possessing the power to excite a laugh, puts it forth so humourously, as to drive grim care to flight, with his vile train. *Jack Ketch* is admirably worked up—a great deal of laughter exciting incident, with here and there an admixture of serious and sound moral—piquant in description, and to view it *all in all*, very amusing.

Sir Oracle. Amusing! can you call a work by this title, that is so totally destructive of all moral principles, or give credit to an author whose avowed aim is to exalt a villain into a philosopher, and make a hangman, (not only by profession, but also in the scene he gives his vicious propensities) the chronicler of his own baseness, and its successful evasion of legal retribution.

Squibb. Yet in all this, there is room for contrast—the pursuits of villainy are painted with a faithfulness which shows that its racking of conscience, its mental tortures, far outnumber its miscalled pleasures; does not this afford a wholesome and impressive moral?

Sir Oracle. Not a wholesome, yet I fear an impressive one. Does it not clearly prove that a thief may be a stoic in Newgate; boast of his crimes—laugh at his precarious situation, and affect nonchalance, as to the future, whether that future point to the gallows or Botany Bay! Is not the brute—the vile slave of vice, in its most hideous form, rendered a hero; and the destroyer of innocence—the cold blooded Vampyre, who gluts his degraded appetite upon woman's affections—a man of the world!—and all this, thrust before a community, which Heaven knows is stocked to repletion with incentives to crime, to be caught at by the changeling, and by him reduced to ethical demonstration; and form systems by which he may cut men's throats according to the logical rules laid down by the authors of *Paul Clifford, Rookwood*, and *Jack Ketch*.

Squibb. Nay, nay, Sir Oracle, them surely cannot be your sentiments—they savour strongly of prejudice; and even our sleeping friend there, would decide with me that you are blameable—prone as he is to coincide with you against me, yet I am much mistaken if Fustian—

Fustian. (Starting up)—who calls on Fustian?

Squibb. Lend me a helping hand, thou disciple of Rip Van Winkle—here is Sir Oracle, denouncing, in no measured terms, novels, because they are too truthful in painting vice—as it is.

Sir Oracle. Not all. We were treating of the merits of "*Jack Ketch*"—but I have no objection to including "*Rookwood*" and "*The Confessions of a Poet.*"

Fustian. They are works not to be slept over, however, and that in more than I can say for the "Two Friends," which I would recommend to all my friends who are cursed with ever wakefulness; but may I ask in what you and Squibb disagree?

Sir Oracle. In this—Squibb affirms that there are no injurious tendencies in the work just named, while I contend that it has no merits, unless we call genius misapplied by that title.

Fustian. There is illiberality in your censure, Sir Oracle. If we are to cavil at a writer because in one or two unimportant points he transgresses the formal rules of prudery, or chances to commit a *faux pas* in one chapter while the general influence of the volume is sound and praiseworthy, we shall at once institute a crusade of prejudice against literature, trammelling it down to musty detail, and dry, sententious apothegms.

Sir Oracle. I would not wish to curb the flight of genius.

Fustian. Yet you uphold the literally wrong crusader, who, forsooth, because he is a contemner of vice, must needs avaul culling the roses that bloom around him, lest in proportion to the floweret's beauty, the number and poignancy of the thorns should be increased; whereas, did he but examine, he would find that the pain caused in securing the flower was more than repaid by its fragrance and beauty when in his possession.

Squibb. Or, to work out another simile, you, Sir Oracle, say that you would not curb genius, yet you bind it to the barren heath of fact, and would eke out a moral from the sands and stunted shrubs, while by allowing it to roam at large through the romantic and ever verdant fields of imagination,—teeming with instruction, it points to a conclusion from which the wavering mind may cull ligatures to strengthen it anew, and the tottering, observe examples drawn by collateral (although, it is true, somewhat fictitious) evidence, to aid them in again returning to the paths of virtue. Is he not indeed a bigot, who tells an author he shall not pourtray vice, as it really is, lest he startle the unwary, and cause them mothlike to rush upon the danger he strives to assist them in escaping?

Fustian. Would we not condemn the doctrine, which, in painting the short lived career of a criminal, informs the spectator, that as for the culprit there was no hope, so shall it be with all? Repentance in the half stage of crime would then be of no use, and the wretch would hurry on to a consummation, knowing that, according to the rule here laid down, he must be punished as severely for an inch, as an ell—nor like Paul Clifford, or Jack Ketch, escape, by a time'y retreat from the brink of ruin.

Sir Oracle. Hypothesis is not argument, nor do the assumptions you have made bear you out in strengthening your position. You not only accuse me of hypercriticism, but also of illiberality. Far from it—you maintain that I would destroy the freedom of imagination, so essential to the success of the novelist. On the contrary, I always endeavour to keep it on the wing, yet at the same time, would suggest the propriety of its avoiding the dangers that threaten to meet it in mid air, soiling its plumage, and lessening its speed.

Squibb. Yet this is restraint.

Sir Oracle. So you may term it—yet it is necessary. It's empire is sufficiently large without risk—are not the vast plains of science—the fertile fields of moral instruction—the gay smiling landscape of wholesome fiction, sufficiently pleasing to its vision, and can it not soar upon the gale that is impregnated with virtuous tendencies, without plunging into the mire of improbable legends, or skimming the surface of the *dead sea* of vice—swept by no breeze of remorse, owning no reacting current of well timed repentance!

Fustian. Your remarks are very just, Sir Oracle—see how obscure to your censure.' They are written with ability.

Sir Oracle. I am no sceptic to the *ability* with which the *Confessions of a Poet* are sketched, and even *Ketch* is spun out with much humour. I am willing to admit that there is a redundancy of beautiful imagery in *the Confession*, and that Ketch is inimitable in his philosophical exposition of the desire all men ought to have, to the scaffold, and the rope—heaping metaphor upon metaphor, and illustration upon illustration. There is novelty in all this, yet when we ask ourselves where are the benefits to be derived from the perusal of such works, we find by the answer that the hours spent over them have been sadly misemployed.

Fustian. I will not attempt to defend the moral conveyed in the "*Confessions of a Poet.*" It is a singular production—a work over which genius of no ordinary stamp has been employed, and although grossly licentious, yet so admirably sustained that we are forced to do homage to the talents of its author, while we loathe his ribaldry, and detest his sophistries. It is a dangerous creation of an erring though splendid mind; and I hope that should he again resume the pen of authorship, he will adopt a subject less open to censure, and conceal the thoughtless scepticism with which he seems strongly imbued, at least from the public eye;—but I see no reasons why we should include *Jack's Auto.* in the list of dangerous works.

Sir Oracle. The reasons are obvious. Who that reads it will not admit that it is a most disgusting publication, from which nothing can be gained in the shape of benefit? No instructive admonition points out the dangers which are glaringly pourtrayed—no warning is imprinted upon the canvass, to tell the beholder, of the rottenness it should bespeak—and as we proceed, a panorama of disgraceful debauchery unfolds itself—a matured and hellish plan, of destroying string by wring the life of a confiding woman, with only a single dash of remorse, as the villain rests in the denouement—these methinks are reasons sufficient to cause its popular damnation.

Squibb. They should, and were there no counteracting influences to be met with on the pages of the book in question, I would lend my feeble aid to consign it to public execration. In enumerating the passages you deem most exceptionable you pass over without comment, the remorse that *must* be felt by the perpetrator of dishonest actions—no matter whether he be the daily committer of the grossest crimes, or the mere rogue of an hour. The gnawings of conscience must pierce him to the quick whenever reflection turns him, with the damning fact that he is an outcast from the society of honourable men, with the ban of the community upon him—the minions of the law upon his track, and a prison yawning to receive him—no friendly hand to lead him back to the forsaken paths of rectitude; nor a voice to whisper into his ear the soothing words of consolation and hope. His vices have barred from him the temples of fame and honour, and he stands alone—the *Pariah* of his race!

Sir Oracle. Eloquently described, *Squibb*,—yet where is your context?

Squibb. On the pages of the novelist who proves his usefulness in the pencillings of instructive fancy, upon the scroll of vice—by teaching what *vice does feel*, he may render as much good and solid advice as does the formal expounder of the moral law in his utilitarian view of the follies and depravity of mankind.

Fustian. You are right, Squibb, and so truly do I agree with you, that I accord you the *Bays*; but there are other views of this question, which Sir Oracle seems to have forgotten in his uncompromising criticism of the tenor of this tale. He will certainly allow that the very picture drawn by the writer is so full of deformity, so disgusting in detail, as to cause us intuitively to shrink from the recital. Place it in juxta-position with virtue, and who would prefer it, with its concomitant misery, and ultimate degradation, to a life passed in tranquility, and a due observance of the laws? Nay! so far from thinking that such works should be regarded as dangerous, we should view them as public benefits; for they serve as microscopes, by which the mind may see what vice is, and avoid it.

Sir Oracle. Taking into consideration every point you have urged, there is still much to render it of no avail. The end cannot justify the means made use of when it is construed so loosely, that bad impressions may creep in, and with the weapons of sophistry, throw down the few good principles which stand sentinels to guard the garrison. Vice it is well known is specious, and nestled in the bed of pleasure—while virtue on the other hand, is rigid and stern in the enforcement of its precepts; and man ever prone by his nature, to love evil rather than good—shuts his eyes to the truth, and hears only the voice of the syren, Falsehood, urging him on to ruin.

Squibb. Is this coming to the point?

Sir Oracle. It is—for I would further premise how dangerous is the power it exercises in the hands of the novelist. It is armed with tenfold influence to captivate and mislead the novice, when talent prostitutes its high functions to aid it, by making music of an obscene song, or wit, the companion of debauchees and felons in their unhallowed orgies. That this position is correct in relation to the Auto Biography, is unfortunately too true—that there is no help for it, is unfortunately perceptible in the avidity with which such works are spawned from the press and devoured by the community; nor should I be surprised to see Jack Ketch put his threat in execution, and publish a second series of his detestable reminiscences, wherein I have no doubt he will so exercise his *genius* as to cause us to weep over the untimely detection, and execution of *gentlemen* assassins, or admire the heroism, and sympathise with the sorrows of amiable burglars.

FATAL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

The Wheeling Gazette of the 25th says: "By the arrival at this port the morning of the steamboat Warsaw, Capt. Keating, we learn the painful intelligence that the steamboat Majestic, while stopping at Memphis, Tenn. on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis, on Wednesday, the 13th ult. burst her boiler, by which disaster forty persons were either killed or missing. Eight bodies had been found on Wednesday morning, when the Warsaw passed. The passengers were principally German emigrants, and there were twenty cabin passengers in addition, from various parts of the Union. We have no other particulars of this melancholy occurrence, though the papers will doubtless furnish them in a day or two."

The Cincinnati Republican of the 23d has the following account of this frightful disaster:

A gentleman who arrived in this city last evening in the steamboat Splendid, direct from New Orleans, called at our office, on his way through the city, and informed us, that the Steamer Majestic had exploded one of her boilers, while on the eve of shoving from the wharf at Memphis, producing a most melancholy loss of life and limbs. About 60 persons were scalded, a large portion of them mortally, and nearly all of them dangerously.

The collapse is supposed to have been occasioned by the passengers flocking upon one side of the boat, causing it to careen, so as to produce a transfer of the water from the starboard to the larboard boiler. Our informant was on shore at Memphis, and visited the house in which the wounded were confined. He represents the spectacle there exhibited as heart-rending beyond conception. To add to the distress of the sufferers, the Cholera is prevailing at Memphis to an alarming extent.

Thirty-four deaths by Cholera had already occurred in that ill fated city, up to the time of his departure, and four had transpired on the day of the accident. The deck passengers were the exclusive sufferers. The cabin passengers were supposed to have entirely escaped. A more full and satisfactory statement of the particulars of this deplorable catastrophe, may be expected in Monday's paper.

On this melancholy event the National Intelligencer justly remarks: "Here is another of those dreadful disasters which proceed generally from a disregard of the most obvious dictates of prudence. The engineer probably neglected, or wilfully forbore to let off the steam during the stoppage of the boat, and thus, perhaps to save fifty cents worth of fuel, he destroyed forty lives."

(From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.)

An Official Blunder.—On Tuesday last a gentleman appeared before one of our city Magistrates to enter a complaint against a person who resided in the same house with himself. The complaint stated that not only the inmates of the dwelling, but the whole neighbourhood were kept in a constant state of alarm by the violent conduct of an individual who had lately become raving mad, and he therefore prayed that a warrant might be granted for his arrest and confinement in the lunatic asylum. As it required the testimony of two persons to the facts, before a commitment could be granted, the deposition was fortified by that of a lady who accompanied the complainant. In the hurry of the business, the clerk not having paid particular attention to the case, made out the requisite documents, and filled the blank in the commitment with the name of the female deponent, instead of the person for whom it was intended.—The warrant was then handed to one of the officers who having read it requested immediate attendance of the lady. Supposing all was right, the gentleman who accompanied her to the office, went away, leaving her and the officer to follow. She naturally concluded that the officer attended her for the purpose of making the arrest, but observing that he took an opposite direction to that she intended going, remarked it, to which he very quietly replied, oh, I know all about it.—We are going right. We are doing no such thing said the lady, and I insist upon turning back. It can't be done ma'am, rejoined the officer, you must go with me. And why must I go with you? Because I have a warrant against you, and, it's no use to mince matters, you are a mad woman, and I am going to lodge you in the asylum. The unfortunate lady, horror struck, in vain remonstrated against this injustice, and made several violent efforts to free herself from her companion.—It's no use I tell you, said he; here's my warrant, there's your name, and with me you must go. Do I look or speak like a lunatic, exclaimed she? That may be, but mad people speak very sensible sometimes. I must do my duty, and so maugre all resistance, the unfortunate victim of a mistake was handed over to the officers of the Asylum. The long absence of the lady alarmed her friends, who hastened to the office for information, where they learnt from the officer who so well fulfilled his instructions, where she was to be found. It is unnecessary to add, that she was soon liberated, and restored to the comforts of her own domicile.

Arrival of Africans at New York.—The N. York Journal of Commerce announces the arrival at that port of the brig America. Two colored female children about five or six years old were found on board; and the Captain was at once taken into custody. From what has as yet transpired, it appears that the Americo vessels to the coast of Africa, went first to the Portuguese settlement of Lwondo, where some persons who brought one of the children from the interior made it a present to Captain Miller, and the other child was made a present to him at Novorondo, whither the brig went to from Lwondo. Captain Miller states that his intention was to bring up the children in his own family, and that he took the children solely for that purpose. The Captain has been bound over in a heavy sum.

Shop Lifting.—We notice in the New York papers, that shop lifting is becoming a common crime in that city. One instance in Philadelphia has recently come to our knowledge, which we mention by way of caution.—A man and two young women entered a dry goods store a few days since, in Walnut street, and selected about fifty dollars worth of goods, which were packed up. The man then told the girls to take the bundle and go on, and he would pay for the merchandise and overtake them. The girls went off, and the man proceeded to open his pocket book with great leisure, turning from one apartment to the other, until he felt satisfied that his girls had escaped; he then deliberately put up his book and ran out of the shop. As there was only a lady in attendance, it was impossible to arrest the scoundrels, (male and female) and they escaped.

Importance of keeping words close together.—In the debate in the Chamber of Deputies, on 13th April, M. De Lamartine made some remarks in the course of which speaking of "the two flags of France"—he was interrupted by the President with the laconic rebuke, "France has but one flag." The orator replied that the President should have let him finish the sentence before interrupting him and then went on to shew that France at different periods had two flags. This story reminded us of an anecdote which took place one day at a dinner table when we were present. The conversation turned upon the Presidency. A wag very gravely remarked—"There is not a single individual in Pennsylvania fit to be President of the United States." Here he stopped. The company stared at one another, and they had not recovered their amazement, when the speaker returned —"who has the least chance of succeeding." "Keep your words closer together," said one of the company, quoting the remark of the Judge in Court, who having called a witness a rogue, was kept for half a minute in a state of irritation by the divided reply of the witness —"I am not half so great a rogue as your honor ——takes me to be."

Another of the Downings.—"Have you got any such a thing here as the life of James Downing all in poetry?" said a fellow from the country, yesterday, poking his head into a bookstore.

"The Life of *James* Downing?" repeated the bibliopole—"you must be mistaken in the name. We have Jack Downing. Is'nt that what you want?"

"No; it's James Downing I ax ye, and it's all in poetry, four lines to each verse. It tells all about where he was born and brung up, where he lived, where he died, and was buried, all writ by himself."

"After he was dead? It must have been posthumous then."

"Post-humorous? Lord! I guess you'd think so if you was to read a few verses. The first verse goes this way—

"James Downing he was born one night
On Bobolincoln Hill,
Which used to stand jest out o' sight
O' Deacon Gibson's mill.

But now the mill—it aint there now,
Because one night it fell,
All in a freshet, when the flow
Of waters made a swell.

Down tumbling came the Deacon's mill,
Down hopper came and all;
The Deacon he was in it still,
And loudly he did bawl.

But what the dickens was the use
Of bawling quite so fearce?
The mill it fell all in the swell—
And this line ends the verse."

And so it goes on all in poetry. I could say a great deal of it, if I had time. But I'm in a hurry now to get out o' the city. And so, you have got the Life of James Downing, ha?"

"I'm sorry to say I have not. But wont Major Jack Downing answer just as well?"

"Is't all in poetry?"

"No; it's all in prose."

"Does it go in rhyme, any how?"

"No; but it jingles well."

"I want it to go in rhyme; and I would'nt so much care whether it was James Downing or Jack Downing, for I s'pose they're all one and the same family."

Thus saying, the lover of rhyme went to another shop in search of James Downing, all in poetry; but whether he found it or not we cannot say. We hope, however, this member of the Downing family is not a rival with Major Jack for literary fame.—*Transcript.*

A gentleman who lived in a one story house, called repeatedly to see some young ladies who lived in a high three story house. As these ladies spent much of their time up stairs, and were very tardy in descending, he frequently retired before their appearance, and finally, gave up visiting them on that account. A friend enquiring of him, how the ladies were? he answered that he did not know. The astonished querist demanded how that could be, as he was there so often. O, said the gentleman, I do not see them now, for they tell (count) too many stories for me.

Epitome of the Times.

The City Councils on Thursday evening, voted to present one thousand dollars to the fund for disabled firemen.

Fire.—A carpenter's shop, situate on the Ridge Road, near Green street, was discovered to be on fire on Saturday night, about half past 11 o'clock, it was entirely destroyed with most of its contents, supposed to have been set on fire.

Another.—Between 4 and 5 o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in a range of buildings, in Noble near 11th street, which, we learn, consumed the wood work of a three story brick dwelling house, a small two story brick dwelling, three carpenter's shops, and a stable and one horse.

Patriotic Toast.—At a late public dinner, in England, a radical gentleman, a little elevated with drink, put forth the following toast: "Give me universal *sufferings* and *triangular* parliaments!"

In the famous Kingston cavern in Ireland, two new splendid apartments have been discovered, of a hundred acres in extent and filled with columns, galleries, stalactites and stalagmites.

The Industrious Fleas in London go ahead of ours—They are dressed in breeches, coats and petticoats, and draw 1000 times their weight, &c.

More Connecticut Speed.—We are afraid that the triumphant result of Stannard's foot race on Long Island will cause the Connecticut young men to run themselves to death. A race against time took place at Thompson, in Connecticut, a few days since, the bet was that the individuals could not run one hundred rods in that number of seconds. He performed the distance in 85 seconds.

The New Orleans Bee recommends a mint julep, two or three times a day, as a preventive of the cholera!

Robbery.—On the 27th ult. the tailor shop of Thomas D. Clark, of Woodbury, N. J. was broken into and robbed of a quantity of cloth and made clothing, to the value of about $50; and on Friday night, at Carpenter's Landing, three miles below Woodbury, the cabins of three vessels were broken into and robbed of two guns, a quantity of clothing, &c. value about $25.

Two men are suspected, one tall, of dark complexion, with large whiskers, rather stoutly built, about 30 years of age; the other a short, chunky man, wears a light roundabout, sandy complexion. Twenty dollars reward is offered for their apprehension.

Kentucky Anekim.—A Mississippi paper mentions the arrival in the steamboat *Homer*, of a Mr. James Porter from near Louisville, Kentucky, who was *seven feet three inches* high, and weighed 225 pounds. He is but twenty one years of age, and is, we take it, a wit as well as a giant; for the paper remarks that he good humouredly boasted of being able to do what but few persons could—turn gin into Porter, and forthwith performed the miracle. A steamboat carrying such hands as this, is very properly called Homer.

The Candidate.—The Fredericksburg, Va. Aurora, tells the following good story of the two honest men: Col. L. was a man of fortune and aristocratic manners—possessed considerable talents and was generally popular. In a canvass preceding an election, he encountered a poor man, of whom he had been in the habit of taking no notice whatever. He approached and saluted the voter in a familiar manner, and tendered his hand, which was refused—"Excuse me, Col. L., I will vote for you—because you are a faithful and able member, but I will give my hand to no man who offers me his but once in seven years."

Horrible.—The annals of crime and infatuation can scarcely furnish a parallel for an outrage committed in this city on Saturday night last. A Mr. Whitaker, who has for some years been engaged here in business, after returning to his residence from a public assembly with his wife, *cut her throat from ear to ear!* and then made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself, by cutting his own throat. When the alarm was given, they were both found lying on their piazza, weltering in blood, the wife, of course, entirely dead, and Whitaker himself, in a dangerous situation. It is said he will recover. He was actuated by jealousy.—*Pensacola Gaz. 25th April.*

A ludicrous instance of forgetfulness occurred in the neighborhood of Boston on Wednesday, the 25th ult. A respectable farmer and tradesman, accompanied by his "better half," went on that day to Boston in his market cart; whilst there they received the gratifying intelligence of the unexpected accession of an ample fortune—a surprise which so completely filled "the book and volume of their brain" to the entire exclusion of all "baser matter," that the good wife complacently returned home by the market packet, and her husband on foot, neither party recollecting that their own horse and cart were at Boston! —*Lincoln Mercury.*

It has naturally created some surprise that our stocks should decline after the receipt of the favourable news from Europe, political and commercial. On enquiry, it has been satisfactorily explained to us. It was occasioned by the millions of money which have been sent to Baltimore and Charleston to subscribe to the new banks which have recently opened their books of subscription. In the latter instance, the *whole amount* of the capital of $2,000,000, is required as the first instalment, and not less than $100,000,000, has been forwarded.—*N. Y. Star.* 100,000,000!!!

We have an *on dit*, which gives some credence in what is called "the circle" that Bulwer, (the author of [illegible] Edward Bulwer" will be pretty enough. It is quite true that Scott was turned of 50 before a similar honor was conferred on him, (he was the first baronet made by George IV. after his access on to the crown,) but, though Bulwer is little more than 30, he has written quite as much—I think quite as well—as Scott did up to 1820. The fact is, at Bulwer's present age, Scott had never written a line worth mentioning.

On Sunday the 23d ultimo, a boy ten years old, son of Mr. William Jeffers, of Newark, N. J. was amusing himself by riding up the Inclined Plane on the car. He was cautioned to keep away, and in an evil moment, attempted to jump from the car as it was entering the lock; before the car could be stopped, his body was forced into a space of about two inches, where, coming in contact with an iron bolt, his legs were almost severed from his body, just below the hips.—In this dreadful situation, he was compelled to remain until a hole was cut through the side of the lock, and his mutilated body taken out. While this operation was going on, the little sufferer turned his eyes upon an acquaintance who stood near, and cried out in a tone indicative of mental as well as bodily agony, "Dennis—(O God!)—save me if you can!" He was horribly mangled—his clothes being literally buried in the flesh, and with difficulty drawn out by pieces.—He was immediately conveyed to the nearest house, where he suffered about an hour and then died.

Advertisement Extraordinary.—No one we think, will deny that the writer of the subjoined advertisement, copied from a Tuscaloosa (Alab.) paper, is gifted in a remarkable degree with a genius for writing advertisements:

Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa Bookstore, are respectfully requested to pay their last year's accounts forthwith. It is no use to harsp the matter, payments must be made, at least once a year, or I shall run down at the heel. Every body says, how well that man Woodruff is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not, positively, spare change enough to buy myself a shirt, or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares, that in "Virginia," where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is moreover, a downright vulgar yankee piece of business altogether. Come, come, pay up! pay up friends, keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my breeches right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant, D. Woodruff.

A Beautiful Reflection.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which leap, like angels, from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud came over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars "hold their festival around the midnight throne," and set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory. And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Maniac of the Lake.*

Strange Transformation.—The Botany Bay newspapers mention instances of wonderful changes which have taken place in the vocations, and, it is hoped, in the characters also, of the convicts, which have been sent to that country. A desperate highwayman has been metamorphosed into a life guardsman; a noted shoplifter has become a respectable mercer; a notorious pickpocket has been, by a large majority, elected guardian of the public purse; and a bully and a gambler has been made a Justice of the Peace.

Phenomenon.—By a gentleman recently from Prince William county, Virginia, we have been informed of a remarkable occurrence which took place on the Neabsco tract, about four miles from Dumfries, on the 18th ult. during that heavy thunder storm, which it will be recollected, overspread the whole heavens, and apparently visited every quarter of our country. The earth for several acres which was previously firm and good, *suddenly* (from its present appearance) sank to the depth of about four feet, and cracked open in innumerable places throughout the whole mass, as if it had been blown by gunpowder. The thunder and lightning there was awfully heavy and severe, accompanied by an abundant shower of hail, which, however, was not so injurious to the grain as to the window glass. Numerous persons have visited the spot, but are totally unable to account for the remarkable phenomenon. Some suppose it to have been produced by the shock of an earthquake, although the people residing in the neighborhood experienced, or rather *who need* no sensation during the storm to justify such a conclusion; yet it is possible such might have been the fact, as from the continual glare of lightning and the heavy peals of thunder, with a combination of apprehension for their personal safety, they might have had a shock of an earthquake, which they attribute to the effects of the raging storm.—*Georgetown (D. C.) Metropolitan.*

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The last number of the Annapolis Republican, furnishes the following particulars of a perilous adventure, in the course of which, two young officers acquitted themselves in the handsomest manner:—

"A party of pleasure, including the family of Colonel Walbach, Commandant of Fort Severn, embarked on Monday last, and after spending a delightful day upon the water, rambling over the beautiful green banks of the Severn, and partaking of a repast upon the shores of the Round Bay, the schooner was returning with the party in the evening, when a sudden flaw of wind struck her—the main boom jibed, and carried one of the young ladies overboard. Quick as thought, Lieut. J. J. B. Walbach, of the United States Navy, plunged into the river to save her. The spring by which he designed to throw himself as near as possible to her, owing to a sudden careen of the vessel, was the means of plunging him a great depth. When he rose, the object of his anxiety was no longer to be seen. Nearing the spot, however, she was discerned sinking below the waves. On being brought up, she very naturally clung to the only object within reach, for safety, but unfortunately in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of motion, necessary to keep above water. In a short time, both sunk together.

Rallying his strength, with an effort, he rose again with his fair charge, and not only sustained her long enough for her to breathe afresh, but with the utmost presence of mind, made dispositions to keep afloat; but entangled with clothes, and disabled from motion, his buoyancy soon, of course, became exhausted, and both disappeared.

It occurred to Lieut. W. as he sunk, to endeavor to reach the bottom, in order to obtain an impetus for resascending, but the depth was found too great, there was 24 feet water. It was probably with the last remains of strength that another exertion enabled him once more to regain the surface with his fair companion. But they soon sank again. His brother, Lieut. Augusta B. Walbach of the United States Army, who had been at the head of the boat when the accident occurred, on perceiving those overboard, springing into the river, reached the parties at this critical moment. In the act of bringing them up to the surface, the young lady insensibly placed her hand upon his head, so as effectually to keep him under water.—In this position, however, he retained his presence of mind, and by swimming under water with his brother's hand upon his shoulder, contrived to sustain both for a considerable time, and to them all, a most eventful space.

All three, however, became exhausted, and had sunk a full arm's length when the captain of the schooner," having succeeded in rounding his boat too, and launching a small crazy punt from her deck, arrived just in time to reach one of the party, and thereby bringing them all up to the surface. The first breath of returning life in the young Naval Officer, was to sing out a direction to the raw hands thus left to manage the schooner, and which was now at considerable distance, to "*haul that jib to windward, and put down the helm.*" One of the officers laying hold of the little boat on one side, and the other on the other, they contrived to steady it so that the Captain could draw the lady on board without capsizing it—and in that posture they were paddled to the schooner and received on board.

It was no other than "the kind little cherub which sits smiling aloft," that turned the agonizing scene of suspense, which had lasted for nearly half an hour, and in which the father, mother and sisters of the family, all participated, to one of mutual and most heart-felt gratulations, in which, as we write the account, we most cordially associate.

"Capt. *Charles Mc Dowening*, of the schooner Comet. He behaved admirably throughout. A Sailor, every inch of him.

GREAT CALAMITY AT NEW ORLEANS.

We copy the following account, containing some particulars of the late melancholy catastrophe at New Orleans:

From the Louisiana Advertiser of the 16th.

On Friday morning between the hours of two and three o'clock, (a time when most of our citizens are reposing from their labors, and, perhaps, not even dreaming of the dreadful calamities of their fellow creatures,) that large and extensive building in Canal street, known as the Planters' Hotel, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and gave a shock to the surrounding neighborhood, similar to that experienced from an earthquake; an awful pause ensued for a few seconds, when the smothered voices of several unfortunate individuals who were deeply buried beneath the ruins, issued from the pile; the alarm bells rung, and hundreds of our efficient firemen rushed to the spot, and made every exertion which humanity could dictate to rescue the miserable sufferers from the jaws of death.

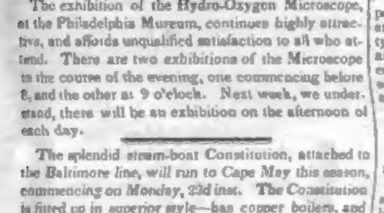
We understand there were from sixty to seventy persons living in the house, some of whom succeeded in effecting their escape, with but little or no injury, but we are sorry to add that several have lost their lives, or been miserably mutilated. How truly do the scriptures say "in the midst of life we are in death." Many of those poor creatures had been joyous and gay in the morning, and at night they went to bed "to rise no more!" Many of them, perhaps, had taken "heed for the morrow," and have been thus cut off, "in the midst of home." *God grant we may be all* prepared to meet him, should it "seem good to him" that such a calamity should overtake us! It is his mercy that there have not been many more victims in the list, as the billiard rooms had been remarkably full, and several persons, whom we have seen, had scarcely quitted them when they heard the crash. As usual, on such awful opportunities, there were some demons in the shape of human beings, who repaired there for the sake of plunder; we are glad to hear, for the honor of our city, that some of them have been taken and imprisoned in the gaol. During the three days revolution in Paris, some

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bitch, publisher of the Reporter, Lancaster Delector, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1835.

ASHES			New Orleans,		33
Pot,	cwt	4 00	Soda—brown,		47
Pearl,		4 50 7 00	do. New York,		48
BUTTER			do. Philad		47
Pa.	lb	11	do. Steam,		46
Ohio,		10	Trinidad,		30
Orl's No. 1		10	Porto Rico,		31
No. 2		10	Brazil & French Isl.		28
No. 3		9	Hav. & Matanzas,		18
CANDLES			MACKEREL		
Spbst.	box	4 50	No. 1,	bbl	2 25
Mould,		4 50	No. 2,		2 00
COFFEE—Duty—free			No. 3,		1 75
Rio	lb	14	No. 3,		5 00 5 12½
St. Domingo,		11	OIL		
Porto Rico,		12	Linseed, Am.		
Java,		13	raw,		1 14 1 16
Martinique		11½	do. boiled,		1 17½
Laguira,		12	Whale,	gal.	45
Jamaica,		12½	Sperm, winter,		95 1 00
do.		13	do. summer,		90
COTTON—Duty 3			PLASTER PARIS		
Louisiana,		18 20	in Delaware, ton		2 37½
Mobile,		16 20	in Schuylkill		2 37
S. Alab. and Tenn.		17½ 19½	SEEDS		
S. Carolina,		14 17	Clover,		5
N. C. and Va.		16 19	Flaxseed, rough		1 00
FREIGHTS			do. clean, cask		
To Pittsburgh, perc'nal,			Timothy,	bbls	1 50 2 75
		100 lbs 2 12½ 2 87½	Herds,	bush	
Wheeling,			Orchard grass,		2 00
FLOUR and MEAL			WHISKEY		
Superfine,	bbl	5 75	Rye, in bbls		35
Fine,			do. hhds		33½
Rye,		4 50 4	do. from wagons		32
Indian,			WOOL		
Corn meal,		3 75 4 00	Prime, Saxony fleece		
GRAIN			lb		60
Rye Pennsylv.		90 95	Am. wash. full'd		50
do. Southern,		85 85	do. 1 blood,		48
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 26 1 27	do. 1 blood,		37
do. Southn. bush.		1 25 1 26	do. 1 and rem		30
Corn, L. C. white,		79 80	Am. wash full bl'd		25
do. L. C. yellow,		80 81	do. 1 blood,		23
do. U. C. round,		84 86	do. 1 blood,		21
Oats, Pennsylv.		45 50	do. 1 and rem.		20
Southern		40 44	do. pulled lambs,		41 47
Barley, Eastern,		59 60	No. 1, do.		38 42
do. Pennsyl.		59 60	No. 2, do.		36 38
HOPS			No. 3, do.		29 35
Import, 1834,	lbs	13 16	Pennsylv. clean,		
HOLASSES			Spanish Merino, R. F. & S.		
			do. lambs,		15 1 00



PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, June 6, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—*There has been no change in them for many years past*

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of our collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

A REGULAR DUN.

☞ Our Subscribers at Strasburg, Pa., are requested to pay up their subscriptions to the agent, Wm. Russell, Esq., with the same promptness and punctuality they expect from the publisher. OUR PATRONS in other sections, ought to adopt the same christian rule of practice. The memories of a majority are sadly treacherous in that portion of their religious duties.

GAS WORKS.

The Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works are pushing forward this enterprise with much zeal and spirit. The buildings for the manufacture of gas are progressing, on the suite near the Permanent bridge, Schuylkill, and the laying of pipes for distributing the gas through the city, will be commenced immediately. In the course of a few months, perhaps in September, the stores in several principal streets will be supplied with gas. Samuel V. Merrick, Esq. is the Engineer of the works.

COTTON FACTORY DESTROYED.—The cotton factory on the Willow street rail road, in the vicinity of Fair Mount, was destroyed by fire, on Wednesday afternoon. Much valuable machinery and a large stock of goods we e consumed. The day was excessively warm, but the firemen repaired to the spot, with their usual alacrity. It is stated that a member of the Friendship Fire Company was seriously injured.

On the same afternoon, Mr. Ripka's factory, in Manayunk, caught fire from friction, in a portion of the machinery. By the exertions of the hands in that and adjoining establishments, the flames were speedily suppressed.

The exhibition of the Hydro-Oxygen Microscope, at the Philadelphia Museum, continues highly attractive, and affords unqualified satisfaction to all who attend. There are two exhibitions of the Microscope in the course of the evening, one commencing before 8, and the other at 9 o'clock. Next week, we understand, there will be an exhibition on the afternoon of each day.

The splendid steam-boat Constitution, attached to the Baltimore line, will run to Cape May this season, commencing on Monday, 23d inst. The Constitution is fitted up in superior style—has copper boilers, and is a very convenient and swift boat.

The journeymen carpenters of Philadelphia have struck for hours, being unwilling to work longer than from 6 to 6. Other mechanics have followed the example. The feelings of the community appear to be in their favor and we have no doubt that their very reasonable request will be obtained.

There is a probability that the election for Sheriff, in Philadelphia, next fall, will occasion a spirited contest. The office appears to be a desirable one, notwithstanding its heavy responsibilities, and there are a number of gentlemen who would not object to being elected. Among the candidates now named, are Joseph Snyder, Col. Jno. G. Watmough, Daniel Fidler, Bela Badger, James H. Hutchinson, Tobias Huber, William Ruff, N. C. Foster, Thomas Weaver, John Swift, and Col. Jno. Thompson.

A meeting has lately been held in Portland, Me., with the view of adopting measures to construct a rail-road from that city to Quebec, Canada. The object appears to be feasible. The quantity of lumber alone, which is carried into Portland by the contemplated route, is immense. It is drawn on teams at an expense of from $1 25 to $2 per thousand. During the past year, there were shipped from Portland to foreign ports, nearly 27,000,000 feet of boards thus transported. One locomotive engine is equal in power to the draft of 120 yoke of oxen. It is estimated that a saving of one dollar will be made on every thousand feet of boards transported by steam.

THE WATER DEVIL.

One of the most remarkable objects presented to view by the exhibition of the microscope in the Philadelphia Museum, is the Water Devil, which for ferocity of disposition is probably not exceeded by any thing in the animal kingdom. *It is said that in April and May, small nests of the Water Devils may be* found floating in stagnant waters, among the weeds, in the form of balls, which these insects spin, with as much cleverness as any old spider, who delights in current bushes, and hangs out its nets in a summer morning. The eggs in these nests, are preserved during the winter at the bottom of the pools, where they are regularly moored by a small cable, and ride as safely as "some tall admiral." In the spring, the high winds shake the waters and break the nets loose—they rise to the surface, and the sun exhilirates and warms the insect into life. On the larvæ becoming animate, they eat their way out of their shells, and their first efforts are in search of food. With open jaws they dive below and eagerly attack all the smaller insects between, within their reach. They remain larvæ for two or three weeks before they assume the Nymph form. In this state they are a quarter of an inch in length, and one specimen was very great swimmers. They reach their full growth in three or four weeks.

The sentinel of a Water Devil—says a correspondent of the Albany Advertiser, to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article—is truly wonderful. Most of the creatures on which they feed, are crustaceous, and the vulnerable part is the stomach. The Water Devil knows this, and cunningly swims underneath its victim, bends back its head, then comes with its antennæ and pierces with its mandibles the struggling prey, which it quickly brings up to the surface, dashing it "as a dog would a rat." It then extracts it piece with its suckers, or crushes it with its forceps. The color of the exuding blood is often seen mingling with the water, in which the Devil takes his pastime of destruction.

The kind of larvæ called *rampants*, do not possess a ravaging apparatus, and have only a horizontal and vermicular movement. The intelligent exhibitor of the Hydro Oxygen Microscope explains in the most interesting manner, all these peculiarities. The ferocity of these larvæ is truly great—in default of their usual spoils, they prey upon each other, and their contests when magnified upon the screen, are truly terrible. There is poetical justice, however, even in a mud puddle. The tyrant of the pool has his own troubles. Scylla, the scourge of the Romans, suffered torments and death from a loathsome disease. So the Water Devil who eats eight times his own weight of insects in a day, has a voracious train of dependents about him, which he would be too happy to shake off. The swimming apparatus is covered with hairs, and among these are harbored innumerable quantities of the ball polypi, who "hang on like death," and devour every thing within their reach, sometimes taking a bite of the devil himself. In this way he has a very unpleasant time of it, and is no doubt very much pleased when his time comes to burrow in a bank of earth, and thence emerge,

"The hard born beetle with a drowsy hum."

Signorina Fanti, the distinguished vocalist, attached to the Italian Opera, made her escape from N. York, a few days since, and sailed for Trieste, under the following circumstances. It appears that the managers of the Opera company, having made arrangements to give a series of Operas in Boston, were desirous that Fanti should accompany them, but she, from some unexplained reason refused, and declared her determination of immediately returning to Italy, notwithstanding it was represented that her departure before the fulfilment of their contract would be attended with consequences utterly ruinous to the managers. Finding all remonstrances unavailing, the Managers resolved on an appeal to the law, and an action for damages was forthwith commenced against her. This proceeding had not the effect to change her resolution. A passage for herself and family was engaged on board of the brig Buenos Ayres, bound to Trieste, and the Signorina in order to avoid an arrest, went over to Jersey city. The pilot boat John A. Aymar was chartered for the purpose of conveying her on board the brig, and she came to anchor off Fowles Hook, waiting a suitable opportunity to effect in safety the escape of the fair vocalist. Mr. Hillyer, the officer, entrusted with the writ, was however too wide awake to be deceived by the manœuvrings of the opposite party, and when the brig got under way, he took a boat at Whitehall and gave chase. On coming up with her he informed the captain of his errand, and was readily permitted to search the vessel. According to his anticipation, the lady was not to be found; he next turned his attention to the pilot boat, which under a press of sail was fast coming up with the brig. He ordered his men to rest on their oars, and when the boat neared them, hailed the pilot, explained the nature of his errand, and attempted to come on board. The crew of the pilot boat made a stout resistance, and belaboured the officer and his companion Mr. Ferrero, secretary of the Italian Managers, who was employed to identify the fair fugitive, so soundly with their oars and other offensive weapons, that they were compelled to abandon all further attempts.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the crew of the pilot boat, and they will probably be severely punished.

THE RESUSCITATION OF PEACH TREES.

During a recent visit to the beautiful village of West Chester, we met with our valued old friend, Wm. Darby, who is at present rusticating there. Conversing on the severity of the past winter, and the destruction of the peach trees, which has been lately so much lamented, he assured us that they were not dead, but might be resuscitated by cutting down the trees a few inches above the ground. If this plan were to be followed, sprouts would soon shoot up vigorously, and in a very few years produce abundantly. He furnished us the following communication on the subject.

PEACH TREES.

From reiterated complaints in the public prints, it appears that the extremely severe frost of the last winter has been in an extraordinary manner destructive to this fine fruit tree. Another complaint of earlier date was, that the peach tree could not be preserved, but for some cause or causes was perishing.

On this subject let me state the result of my own experience. In 1826 I rented a farm on which, when possession was taken, there was not a sound peach tree but one. Regarding it as a duty to plant trees, I commenced and observed three rules.

1. Planted the seed annually, of course, had young plants constantly coming forward.

2. Planted, as far as convenient, the seed where the tree was intended to stand, and as far as practicable, cultivated the ground around the tree.

3. Whenever a tree began to decay, I had it cut close to the ground.

In the case of the recent apparent destruction of the peach tree, I am fully confident that timely observance of the third rule would save an immense majority of the trees literally frost-bitten last winter. Trees are organised beings, and when by any cause wounded, the principles of life are exerted to ensure self-preservation; amputation is consequently as necessary to a tree as to an animal in many instances.

From 6 to 6.

The City Councils, on Thursday evening last, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, by the Citizens of Philadelphia, in Select and Common Council assembled, That the hours of labor, of the Working-Men employed under the authorities of the City Corporation, shall be, from "SIX to SIX," during the summer season; allowing one hour for breakfast, and one hour for dinner.

The new steam boat Lexington, has accomplished the trip between New York and Providence, in eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer communicates the following method of proving the correctness of arithmetic, and recommends it as much more judicious and luminous than the old hackneyed one, of cutting off the sum on the top, adding the remaining ones, and finally adding to the amount of these the top lines.

This new method consists in adding from the left to the right, without carrying from one column to the other, but being careful to place the amount of each column always one figure further back, as for instance.

add

New method.	Old method.
48768	48768
29834	29834
15706	15706
7	7
22	94308
27	
9	45340
18	48768
94308	94308

There was quite a long procession of journeymen shoe-makers and coal-heavers, walking through the city, on Wednesday. They carried a banner, with the words from "6 to 6," significant of their position to their employers.

HUNTING PARK COURSE.

The proprietor, Mr. James Brown, has announced, that a meeting for the promotion of the breed of blooded horses, will commence on this course, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. to continue three days, viz:

First day, at 1 o'clock. A premium will be given for three year old colts, of $100—mile heats—for all of that age.

Same day, at 3 o'clock. A premium of $100 will be given—mile heats—free for all horses.

Second day, at 1 o'clock. A premium of $300 will be given—two mile heats—free for all horses, except the winner of the above purses.

Third day, at 1 o'clock precisely. A premium of $500 will be given—three mile heats—free for all horses, except the winners of the above purses.

The weights and regulations to be in accordance with the rules of the Union Course, Long Island.

On Monday, the 14th instant, a purse of $500 will be offered for a running match of three miles, $400 to be given to the swiftest runner, and $100 to the second best. Stannard, the Connecticut man, who took the prize on the Long Island course, will be among the competitors. Great sport is expected.

THEATRICAL.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Eaton, a young gentleman from Boston, is fulfilling an engagement at this house. He plays in the first range of tragic characters, and appears to possess talents of no mean order. His Sir Giles Overreach, on Wednesday evening, is well spoken of.

CHESNUT STREET.—Two in the week for benefits, and the entertainments have been varied and attractive. Burton had an excellent house on Monday evening. Faulkner revived the comedy of the Road to Ruin, on Wednesday evening.

Mad'alle Celeste, will complete a short engagement at this theatre. She is announced to appear on Monday evening next, and will continue until the Chesnut street closes, which will take place after the forthcoming week, preparatory to the opening of Arch street, for the summer season.

The Journeyman Cordwainers of Poughkeepsie, have turned out for higher wages. Their new list, as we are informed, shows an advance on old prices of about 15 per cent. The employers will not consent to pay the prices demanded and contend that piece wages here are already higher than elsewhere.—*Poughkeepsie Journ.*

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.

By a late arrival at New Bedford, intelligence has been received of the entire destruction of Talcahuana, the city of Conception, and more than thirty villages lying between the Pacific and the Andes, by a succession of earthquakes on the 20th of February. The number of lives lost had not been ascertained when the Coral sailed. There were but two other American ships in the harbor at the time, namely the Milton and the Nile. A small schooner was driven from her anchorage, and drifted over the town, the sea rushing upon the land in great waves, after the first shock, rising twenty-five or thirty feet, and sweeping away the ruins. Many lives were saved by the active exertions of the crews of the three American ships. The Coral sailed on the 6th of March, up to which time, the shocks continued every day, but with diminished violence. From four to five hundred persons were believed to have perished in the villages.

The following letter, written by a gentleman at Talcahuana, to his friend in New Bedford, is copied from the Gazette of that place:

"TALCAHUANA, March 1, 1835.

On the morning of Friday, the 20th of February, 1835, about twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, we were visited by one of the most awful earthquakes ever experienced by the inhabitants of this place. The first shock lasted about four minutes and a half, causing the mountains and valleys to roll like the sea; during the severity of the first shock (which was so great that a person could scarcely keep upright) I looked around for a moment to meet my fate, but am spared to be thankful, and may consider myself one of the fortunate in making my escape from the falling, but now prostrate ruins. Conception, a city containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants is one heap of ruins; being built principally of brick, there is not even one habitable dwelling left standing within the limits of the city, and for leagues around. The shock came in a S. E. course, prostrating every thing in its way. A number of small towns have been heard from in its course; Chillan, Talen, Arredar, Congres, Erres, Pearel, St. Carlos, Vallega and Angles, have all met the same fate. Talcahuana, the port of Conception, is completely demolished. It was not only shaken down, but the fragments of houses, stores, &c. were afterward swept away by the sea, which retired about fifteen minutes after the first shock, leaving the shipping then lying at anchor in the harbor entirely dry. It came in rising to a height of twenty-five feet above the level, overwhelming the whole place. Men, women and children fled to the mountains, but many were overtaken and swept to the ocean by the returning waves, which completed the destruction of the town, depriving hundreds of families of a second garment, many of whom were in good circumstances, but are now destitute. Furniture of all kinds was swept with the houses, not even leaving a vestige to inform the owner of the situation of his former habitation; and it would require an eye witness to be convinced of the immense devastation it has caused."

The following additional particulars are from the Mercury:

The inhabitants, when the Coral left, were in a most deplorable situation. Capt. Paul Delano, who is known to many of our citizens, and to every one who had visited Talcahuana, has lost his little property, and was compelled to take shelter on board the shipping—his beautiful residence, the home of our countrymen, whether in prosperity or adversity, is completely swept away, and himself and lady narrowly escaped with their lives. No individual, not holding an official station from our Government, ever rendered more substantial benefit to his countrymen than Captain Delano. Many of the perplexing and useless revenue laws of the country, have been repealed through his instrumentality. Mr. Andros, an honest and honorable gentleman, who has done the supplying agency business of late years for whale ships, lost all his property.

There is point in the following paragraph from the Louisville Journal:

It has been often suggested that the absurd, and unceremonial flattery and attention which Americans lay so readily at the feet of foreign talent—whether real or supposed—is the fruitful and unfailing source of the contempt and obloquy which we receive in return; and if English scribblers and English actresses were noticed and patronized, like our own citizens, in proportion to their merit, we should hear no more of the bad walking of the ladies in Broadway, the ill breeding of the American gentlemen, the inferiority of the American to the English institutions, etc., etc.

We add, that until Americans learn to respect themselves, it is unreasonable to expect respect from foreigners. Servility to foreign talent of a moderate order and neglect of American talent of a higher grade, seem to be leading characteristics of our people, merely from a want of confidence in themselves. Nationality of feeling, in respect to literature at least, is less general among us than it should be.

The Masonic Hall, in this city, has been purchased by William Swaim, Esq. for one hundred and five thousand dollars.

COMMUNICATION.

We, the subscribers, having studied with Mr. Megonegal, S. W. corner of Race and 6th street, his new and much approved System of Book Keeping, are of opinion that it surpasses all other systems with which we are acquainted. Mr. Megonegal's aim appears to have been to clear away from the systems of his predecessors, the rude and perplexing verbage with which they have been encumbered by past ages, and retain such portions only as are founded on immutable philosophical principles, to which he has made very valuable additions. The superiority of this system (which in truly scientific in all its bearings) is evident to all those who have studied under him. He has, in our opinion, succeeded in establishing a correct journal form, and infallible rule for Dr. & Cr. a sure method of posting and closing accounts, all of which terminate in what he calls a Balance Sheet, which shows in a condensed and beautiful form the whole transaction of an active business, all rendered so simple and easy as to be within the scope of any child of ten years of age of ordinary capacity. This system being established on a philosophical foundation, we feel confident cannot be shaken.

While we express our thanks to Mr. Megonegal for his polite attention, and his cleaning method of imparting a thorough knowledge of his invaluable system, we must not forget to applaud him for the very able manner in which he has defended it, and risen triumphant in the regions of Fame, beyond the precincts of his once aspirant rivals—amidst the rude attacks and angry declamations of pretending Impostors.

Having so far advanced our sentiments in relation to the merits of the system, we would earnestly recommend all those who desire a thorough knowledge of the science (for none other is deserving the name) to avail themselves of so able an instructor.

WM. P. REEDER,
JOHN DUBOIZ.

Philadelphia, June 4th, 35.

COMMUNICATION.

That indefatigable caterer—Mr. Lecount, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut—has lately got up a new article of the soup kind, which promises to go far ahead, as to popularity, of soup of any other description, not even excepting turtle. It is an excellent article, pleasant to the taste, and free of all deleterious effects. Of its nutritious qualities the epicure will be fully aware, after taking a bowl full. P. P. P.

Mail Robber Convicted.—At the recent session of the Circuit Court of the United States, holden in Windsor, Vermont, Sylvester W. Sheldon, formerly Postmaster at Londonderry, in that State, was tried for violation of the Post Office Laws, by a robbery of the Mail. It was proved that he had in many instances abstracted money from letters passing through his office, and a portion of the money so obtained was found upon his person. He was sentenced to 12 years hard labor in the State's Prison.

MARCH OF LITERATURE.—The following is a literal copy of a letter to the Postmaster of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania:

to the Post reasster of Pittsburg
Pleas to attend to this letter that i am gone to
inplor you about
the straw curled letter
that is directed to Joseph Moore a druggist
in the light horn infantry of pennsylvania
this cumpeny is from carlile of coney
of this carlile cumpeny comes to your office
please to given this letter to them
or smack it known to them
this compeny started from carlile
March the 23 tha went to Harrisburg and the
touck the boten on the cussil 24 and now you
may ges what time they will be in Pittsburg
if non of them comes to your office you will pleas
When tha com for ter that none of them coms
Please to send it them or tack it they are worth
A screming—do this for me and you will oblidg
your frend —— your til Death

Curious Customs.—The author of "Three Years in the Pacific," the excellent work announced as in press by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, states that in Rio Janeiro it is the custom to place dead bodies in a coarse coffin, and enclose the whole in a more elegant one, the latter is returned to the undertaker after it has been paraded to the church, and a sum paid for its temporary use!

Mr. Stewart states that the raspings of ivory and bone produced in the manufactories at Birmingham, are sent in barrels to London to be made into jelly.

Mr. Carne in his "Letters from the East," says, one of the best tarts he ever tasted was at Damascus, composed entirely of rose leaves!

At Lebanon the women wear a silver horn on their heads, it is often a foot and a half high, with a variety of smooth figures carved on it, and it is fastened by a silken string. They generally carry their veils over it, and let them fall on one side of the face, which has a graceful and theatrical appearance.

At Damascus a custom prevails which we hold in much greater reverence.—Every private house of respectability is supplied with fountains, and in some of the Coffee houses a jet d'eau rises to the height of five or six feet, around which are seats and cushions.

Mr. Barrow, in his recent pleasing volume of Travels in the North of Europe, states that at Moscow, at the outside of the numerous gun shops, two or three young men or big boys, are invariably stationed to act as decoy ducks; they commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground as any person passes, and endeavor to induce you to enter.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

May 29.—Received from

		Received from	
Dr. R. J. Chapman,		Wm. Stoever, Esq.	10 00
[rest.]	$1 62	J. Lee, Esq.	4 00
A. M. Kirkir, Esq.	20 00	James Burke, Esq.	10 00
Rd. McClure, Esq.	2 00	Thos. Phillips, Esq.	8 00
W. E. Paddock, Esq.	2 00	O. G. Ruggles, (St.	
J. M. Colton, Esq.	2 00	Andrews,)	2 00
S. Bawley, Esq.	2 00	*June 2.*	
The. Burnham, Esq.	2 00	A. N. Bourden,	10 00
Har. Munson, Esq.	7 00	Joseph S. Freeman,	5 00
Wm. P. Miller, Esq.	5 00	C. C. Norris—acceptance.	
J. M. Conway Jr. Esq.	5 00	G. W. Ells, Esq.	5 00
R. Parker, Esq.	5 00	Owen Prentice, Esq.	2 00
E. S. McIntosh, Esq.	2 00	H. N. Fargo,	5 00
May 30.		T. Burnham, Esq.	2 00
John McCracken,	2 00	W. H. French, Esq.	2 00
J. P. Harrison,	5 00	*June 3.*	
John W. Jones,	4 00	Wm. Wells,	2 00
J. Vanderpool, Esq.	10 00	Jno. Wood, Jr., nett	4 62
A. J. Irwin, Esq.	2 00	Jno. Thorp,	3 00
Jas. Fowler, Esq.	2 00	J. M. Hadden, Esq.	5 00
R. Saunders, Esq.	4 00	N. Kennon, Esq.	2 00
E. M. Garnock, Esq.	2 00	Saml. F. Allen, Esq.	2 00
John M. Coffin, Esq.	2 50	D. B. Wheeler, Esq.	1 00
June 1.		*June 4.*	
Sanford Risley,	2 00	E. B. Babbitt,	5 00
Saml. H. Stevens,	10 00	J. R. Frisbie,	5 00
Edwd. Dewall,	5 00	C. B. Fletcher, Esq.	2 00
D. Mitchell,	5 00	Chas. Baker, Esq.	2 00
H. B. Wing, (Troy,)	5 00	James Paten, Esq.	2 00
J. T. Benton, Esq.	4 00	C. C. Waller, Esq.	1 00
M. W. Wilcox, Esq.	2 00	T. D. Wetherell, Esq.	2 00
		John Mosher, Esq.	1 00

NEW AGENCIES.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Agents for Atkinson's Periodicals, who will receive subscriptions, and give the necessary receipts, &c. Subscribers, and persons wishing to subscribe, are requested to make settlement with them.

West Chester, Pa.—S. M. Painter.
West Middleton, Penn., David Clark, Esq.
Charlotte, N. Carolina, H. B. Williams, Esq. P. M.
Waynesboro', Georgia, E. McCrosa, Esq.
Liberty, Indiana, Joseph Watson, Esq. P. M.
Versailles, Kentucky, R. T. Williamson, Esq.
Navarino, Michigan, Robert M. Eberts, Esq.
Marietta, Penn., Rev. O. Douglass.

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from May 26th to June 3d.

			VALUE.	
228	do.	Manufac. Bank Pittsb'g,	60	a61 50
183	do.	Union Bank, Tennessee,	69	a70½ 60
134	do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	58½	50
329	do.	Mechanics' Bank,	67	a68 35
4815	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	107	a110½ 100
60	do.	Louisville Bank,	114	a115 100
1778	do.	New Castle Rail-Road,	37½	a38 25
15	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	61	a61½ 50
366	do.	Girard Bank,	65	a65½ 50
50	do.	Sandy and Beaver Canal,	5½	5
		$1400 Union Canal 6's 1840,	107	a108 100
926	do.	Planters Bank, Tennessee,	53	a54 50
		$79 Lehigh 6's, 1839,	103	100
180	do.	Harrisburg Rail Road,	6¾	a7 5
25	do.	United States Bank,	113	100
60	do.	Farmers & Mech. Bank,	68¼	50
13	do.	Commercial Bank,	68	a68½ 50
24	do.	Danville & Potsv. R. R.	41	a43 50
40	do.	Trenton Banking Company,	37	30
9	do.	Bank of N. America,	460	400
677	do.	Kentucky Bank,	34	a34½ 30
159	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	110	a111 100
20	do.	Louisville & Port. Canal,	21¾	100
317	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	110	a110½ 100
60	do.	Southwark Fire Insurance,	53	50
20	do.	Camden Bank,	53½	50
120	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	9	a9½ 5
		$12,400 Norristown R. Road Loan,	120	100
165	do.	Schuylkill Navigs. Co.	14	a14½ 50
		$14,00 County 5 per cents, 1850,	108	100
50	do.	Planters' Bank, Miss.	127	100
140	do.	North Amer. Ins. Com.	15	a15¼ 10
280	do.	Wilmington Rail-Road,	6¼	a7 5
48	do.	Spring Garden Fire Insur.	8	5
8	do.	County Fire Insurance,	57½	50
135	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	86	a87 50
95	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R.	143	100
		$1000 State 5's, 1841,	105¾	100
33	do.	Penn Township Bank,	77	a78 50
9	do.	Kensington Bank,	73	50
		$763 State 5's, 1853,	110	100
		$12,00, do. 1846,	107	a107 100
90	do.	Ohio Canal,	4	5
6	do.	Annuity,	53	58
10	do.	New Orleans Canal,	112	a112 100
41	do.	N. A. Coal Company	18¼	a19 25
20	do.	Delaware Coal Company,	28	25
10	do.	Strasburg Rail-Road,	7¼	5
20	do.	Penn Town-ho Rail-Road,	43	35
500	do.	Reading Rail-Road,	6	a6¼ 5
30	do.	Mech. and Mech. Bank	68	50
144	do.	Valley Rail Road,	6	a6½ 5
50	do.	New Hope Banking Co.	15	10
70	do.	Mechanics' Bank, Baltimore,	19¾	10

THE LEECH SERPENT.—The public are likely to be edified with another series of wonderful stories about marine monsters. The Detroit Free Press of the 13th ultimo, notices the appearance of a Serpent or Snake in the Lake, which is almost as marvellous as the "Sea Serpent" down east. The Press says:

Yesterday, between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M., a regular built Snake, destitute of all appearance of a horse, and of those physiological bumps, or hunches which are said to be appertenant to the old sea serpent—of short formation, and apparently not less than 75 feet in length, and in the middle about 5 feet in circumference, or 20 inches in diameter—floating down the Detroit river, and passing the city, generally with his head elevated from 3 to 8 feet, as in an attitude of surveying, alternately, the scenery presented on either shore—sometimes carried along by the current, coiled as if prepared to spring upon his prey, and at other times stretching forward, at full length, as if to exhibit himself for the gratification and astonishment of his beholders—his back of a dark brown color, his sides a deep green, and his belly a dingy white, without fins—with small green but glistening eyes, encircled with red—at last plunging forward on in sport, and disappearing in the depth of the majestic river—was not seen.

MANSLAUGHTER.—On Tuesday, Mr. John Wright, a respectable stone-cutter of this city, entered a tavern in Decatur street. He there met and entered into conversation with Col. David Simpson and Samuel Steele, and engaged in playing cards. Some difference occurred at the table, and a quarrel ensued. A personal rencontre between Wright and Simpson was the consequence. Mr. Wright got the better of his antagonist, when Steele struck him (Wright) a severe and, as it proved, a fatal blow on the ear. He fell, and died about 12 o'clock. A Coroner's Jury was held which returned a verdict that the deceased died of a blow or blows upon the head, inflicted by Steele and Simpson. The parties were brought before the Mayor on Thursday morning.

THE PORTUGUESE INSURGENTS.

The United States District Attorney arrived at Norfolk on Sunday last, and after consultation with the Mayor of the borough, the latter issued a warrant for the arrest of the Portuguese Insurgents, who arrived at that place a few days before in the schooner Boa Nova. The Norfolk Beacon states that the warrant was issued on the oath of Bernardo Raggio, who certified that said officers and soldiers committed an act of piracy on his vessel, within the cognizance of the act of Congress of April, 1820, and that fifty of the soldiers were accordingly taken into custody.

BALLOON FAILURE.—The contemplated ascension of Mr. Laurist, for which he had made great preparation, we regret to say, was yesterday unsuccessful.—We were unable to be present, and therefore cannot state precisely the reason of the failure. We understand, however, that about half past 5, the aeronaut stationed himself in the car, and with some little difficulty cleared the amphitheatre, but the ascensive power was insufficient, and he descended to the ground. He then attempted to take the balloon within the enclosure to repair the netting, which had partially given way, or have unfortunately cut while outside, and just as the car had cleared the fence a sudden gust swayed the balloon, disengaging it from the netting, when it rose to a great height, leaving Mr. Laurist behind. The gas escaped very fast, and the balloon descended on Thompson's Island, and, we learn, has been recovered. We are sorry for Mr. Laurist; he had anticipated a brilliant ascension, for which he had spared no pains or expense. He first try again.—*Boston Traveller June 2.*

FORGERY.—During a busy hour on Thursday, a check, purporting to be drawn by Messrs. W. H. Fowble & Co., for 1200 dollars, was presented by a small boy, at the counter of the Mechanics' Bank. The hour was well chosen for the attempt; but the suspicions of the teller were excited by the circumstance of so small a boy being made the messenger for so large a sum of money; and on putting some questions to the latter, the answers were rather calculated to increase than allay those suspicions. At first he said the check was handed to him by Mr. Fowble; and subsequently, as we understand, that the person who gave it to him, for the purpose of getting it cashed, was waiting in a barber shop, not far off. The boy was, in consequence, detained at the Bank, and measures taken with a view to the arrest of his employer. It appeared, however, that the "bird had flown," doubtless having taken the alarm at the long stay of his messenger. The check proved a forgery; and is supposed to have been executed by a person who had called on Messrs. Fowble & Co the previous evening, and obtained from them, as a favor, for some plausible reason, their check, for a less of a small sum of money left with them. With the copy thus before him, the forger went to work, and executed a very good imitation, for a considerable sum; and but for the vigilance of the bank officer, this bold attempt might have proved successful.—*Baltimore Paper.*

"When a man says 'Hic,' does he speak the truth, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth, he lies." This problem, it is said, puzzled the Stoics to such a degree, that one of them (Chrysippus) wrote six volumes upon it, and another one [Philetas] studied himself to death in endeavoring to effect its solution."

ROBBERY.—On Saturday evening, a gentleman at the junction of the Ridge Road and Broad street, was accosted by two strangers, who enquired the way to Germantown. The gentleman led them partly on their way; and when they had arrived at a solitary spot, they knocked him down with a bludgeon, jumped on him, and having gagged him to prevent his giving the alarm, rifled his pockets and made their escape.—*Phila. Gaz.*

Chesnut Street Theatre.

Doors open at 64 o'clock. Performance to commence at 7. Boxes 75 cents.—Pit 37½ cents.—Gallery, 25 cents. Checks not Transferable.

Saturday Evening, June 6, 1835.

Will be presented a

FAVOURITE ENTERTAINMENT,

For particulars, see Bills of the day.

Mademoiselle Celeste, is engaged,

And will appear on Monday.

American Theatre,

WALNUT STREET.

Admission, Pit 50 cents.—Pit 25 cents—Gallery 25 cents. Doors open at 6 past 7.—Performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Box Book open daily.

MR. EATON'S BENEFIT,

And last Appearance.

Saturday Evening, June 6, 1835,

Will be performed, the Tragedy of

RICHARD THE THIRD.

RICHARD,.....MR. EATON.

After which the new Farce of

THE AFFAIR OF HONOR.

ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR JUNE, 1835.

Just published, the June number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A Portrait of David Rittenhouse; Cane Brake in Texas; Monument of Abelard and Heloise, P

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

PARODY

Off, in the stilly night,
Ere limbo's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
That *bailiffs* are around me;
My creditors ring in my ears,
The word of *hat* I've spoken,
My *cash* that shone is *spent* and *gone*,
And all my credit's broken!
Off in the stilly night; &c.

When I remember all
Who drank and game together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in frosty weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some *drinking hall* deserted,
Whose *Landlord's* dead whose *spirit's* fled
And hope a *Sign's* deserted.
Off in the stilly night, &c.

Scene in a School Room.—"Jem," said the master, "you were not in school yesterday."

"No, sir, Here's 'scuse mother sent you;" at the same time holding out a slip of paper on which were written the following seemingly Egyptian hieroglyphics:—

expt atum to go a fatening."

"Well, Jem," said the master, after examining it for some time, "what did you do yesterday?"

"Dug taters!"

"Oh you do!"—"*Kept at home to go potatoring.*"—*Worcester Pol.*

The Ruling Passion.—A story is told of a merchant edying at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called at an unusually early hour. "Sir," said boots, "the day is breaking." "Let it break," growled the sleepy traveller, "it owes me nothing."

A lady reading from a newspaper the announcement of a marriage between a Mr. Lion and a Miss Lamb, a friend ob-erved, "There is one prophecy accomplished, the lion and the lamb shall *lie down together*."

An Irish Lieutenant, who had exchanged from the 24th regiment to the 33d, was asked what induced him to do so? "Because," said he, "I had a brother in the 31st, and I wanted to be near him."

Supper against Dinner.—I have often thought (says Dr. Kitchener) to draw up a *memorial in behalf of* SUPPER *against* DINNER, setting forth—that the said *Dinner* has made several encroachments on the said *Supper*, and entered very far upon his frontiers; indeed, that he has banished him entirely out of several families, and in all has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short; that he is now in danger of losing his character for ever, by being compelled, in self-defence, to make similar unreasonable encroachments upon the territories of his ancient neighbour and old friend *Breakfast*.

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteem'd the greatest;
But surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

A wag on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "He supposed it would end at last in not dining till *to-morrow*."

[From the Knickerbocker.]

IS HE RICH?

He is rich in wit, he is rich in worth,
And rich to the blood of an honest birth;
He is rich in his country's heart and fame,
And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim;
He is rich in the books of the olden time,
And rich in the air of a freeman's clime;
He needs no stars to shine on his breast,
For the crimson drops of his father's crest
Fell, sober gems, on the battle-field,
Where the haughty foeman was taught to yield.
Then ask me no more, "Is he rich in gold?"
His riches were bought—but can ne'er be sold.

M.

DRESS IN BARBARY.—The Turks and Moors wear linen under their tunics; but the Arabs, in general, have only woollen vesments. However, it is customary for the bridegroom and bride of the latter nation to wear a shirt at the celebration of their nuptials, which they never put off while it will hang together. The sleeves of those worn by the men are wide and open at the wrists, while those of the women are made of gauze and different colored ribbons, interchangeably sewed together.—*Shaw.*

Part of a Sermon Delivered near Litchfield.—[From an old Work.]—You that have ears to hear, eyes to see, tongues to taste, throats to swallow, draw near I say, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among ye; the crumbs of comfort wherewith ye must be crammed, until ye become chickens of grace, and are cooped up in the coop of righteousness. If your hearts are as hard as Suffolk cheese or a Norfolk dumpling, my discourse shall beat them, as it were, upon a cobler's lapstone, until they become as soft as a roasted apple, and even as soft as a custard, and melt within ye like a marrow pudding. Do you know what made Adam was? If you don't, I'll tell you. Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the Garden of Eden. Now, do you know what was the first thing Adam set in his garden. No no, you don't, know don't you! Then I will tell you—his foot! He foot, I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden. But he could not keep it there; no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for Lucifer came behind him, tripped up his heels, and tumbled him out, head and shoulders. I'll tell you a secret—I say I'll tell you a secret. Knees were made before elbows. For the beasts of the field were made before man, and they have no elbows at all; therefore, down on your marrow bones, and pray for mercy, else you will be turned into Beelzebub's under ground kitchen, and made turnspits to Satan.

Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth in 1558, tells her, "it may please your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they will never practise further than upon the subject." John Bell, minister of the Gospel at Gladsmuir, says—"Providentially two tests appeared to discover the crime—if the witch cries out "Lord have mercy upon me!" when apprehended; and the inability of shedding tears; because, as a witch could only shed three tears, and those with her left eye, her stock was quickly exhausted; and that was the more striking, as King James I. shrewdly observes, "since other women in general are like the crocodile, ready to weep upon every slight occasion."—*Mirror.*

Egyptian mode of Recruiting.—Amongst the miseries that overwhelm the Fellahs, we must not forget the mode of recruiting for the army; at the first signal a village or town is surrounded by soldiers, all the young men are seized and dragged with chains round their necks to the nearest camp or garrison; all are forced to enlist except the diseased and the maimed; but even they are not sent home until after a delay of several days, and a very rigid examination. These young men are marched off in files, tied together with ropes; no rations are distributed to them; they are driven forward by blows; they are followed by their weeping families, and the roads are crowded with weeping spectators. We met several troops of these unhappy conscripts; the young Fellahs have sometimes attempted to escape into the desert; but the Pacha has engaged the Bedouin Arabs to act as his police. There is no asylum for those who fly.—*Michaud's Egypt and Palestine.*

AVARICE OF A PERSIAN KING.—The avarice of Aga Mohammed sometimes betrayed him into awkward and even ludicrous predicaments. While superintending certain punishments one day, he heard a man who had been sentenced to lose his ears offering to the executioner a few pieces of silver, "if he would not shave them very close." He ordered the culprit instantly to be called, and told him that if he would double the sum, his ears should not be touched. The man, believing this to be only a facetious manner of announcing his pardon, prostrated himself, uttered his thanks, and was retiring, when he was recalled and given to understand, that payment was really expected as the condition of his safety. On another occasion he himself disclosed a conspiracy to detraud his nobles. Riding out with some courtiers, a mendicant met the party, to whom the king, apparently struck with his distress, ordered a large alms to be given. The example was, of course, followed by all, and the beggar obtained a very considerable sum. That night the sovereign's impatience betrayed his secret: "I have been cheated," said he to his ministers; "that scoundrel of a mendicant, whom you saw this morning, not only promised to return my own money, but to give me half of what he should receive through its means from others!" Horsemen were instantly ordered in pursuit; but the fellow took care not to be caught, and the courtiers laughed in their sleeve at his majesty's disappointment.

QUAINT PROVERBS.

Eat and drink with your friend, but transact no business with him.

It is not by saying honey, honey, that sweet comes to the mouth.

He who expects a friend without faults will never find one.

Although the tongue has no bones it often breaks bones.

To live quietly, one should be blind, deaf and dumb. He who rides a borrowed horse, does not ride often. A Wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house. A friend is often more valuable than a relative.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Near a dew-drop there fell a tear upon a tomb, whither a beautiful female repaired every morning to weep for her lover. As the sun's golden disk rose higher in heaven, his rays fell on the tear and dew drop, but glanced with a double brilliancy on the pearl shook from the tresses of Aurora. The liquid jewel, proud of its lustre, addressed its neighbour—"How darest *thou* appear thus solitary and tearless!" The modest tear made no answer; but the zephyr that just then wantoned near them, paused in its flight, brushed down with its wings the glittering dew-drop, and folding the humble tear of affection in its embrace, carried it up to heaven.

JUNE.

And after her came jolly June, arrayd
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appeare.
Upon a crab he rode, that him did bare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward-yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which hates deserved
grace. *Spenser.*

This is the sixth month of the year. According to an old author "unto June the Romans gave the name of *Weyd-monat*, because their heards did then weyed in the meddowes, that is to say, goe to feed there; and hereof a meadow is also in the Tutonicke called a weyd, and of *weyd* we yet retaine our word *weede*, which we understand of going through wattie places, such as medowes are wont to be."

Mr. Leigh Hunt observes, in his "Months," that "the name of June, and indeed that of May, gave rise to various etymologies; but the most probable one derives it from Juno, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month." He says, "it is now complete summer:—

'Summer is yeomen in,
Loud sing cuckou;
Groweth sed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.'"

"Thus sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which it is own music. The temperature of the air, however, is still mild, and in our climate sometimes too chilly; but when the season is fine, this is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the year. The hopes of spring are realized, yet the enjoyment is but commenced: we have all summer before us; the cuckoo's two notes are now at what may be called their ripest,—deep and loud; as is the hum of the bee; little clouths he in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or the flowering banks, to read or write; the grass-hoppers click about us in the warming verdure; and the fields and hedges are in full blossom with the clover, the gull more exquisite bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the ivy clover, the mallow, white bryony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of delicate red and white. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. Towards evening, the bat and owl venture forth, flittering through the glimmering quiet; and at night, the moon looks silveriest, the sky at once darkest and clearest; and when the nightingale, as well as the other birds have done singing, you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through their leafy channels. 'It ceased,' says the poet, speaking of a sound of heavenly voices about a ship,—

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Coleridge.*

There is a greater accession of flowers, in this month than in any other. In addition to those of the last, the garden sparkles with marygolds, golden-rod, larkspur, sun-flowers, amaranths, (which Milton intermingles with sun-beams for his angel's hair,) lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, bolyhocks, ladies' slip, or, annual stocks, campanulas, or little bells, marigolds, periwinkles, wall flower, snap-dragon, orchis, centurium, apocynum, chrysanthemum, cornflower, gladiolus, and convolvulus.

BILLETS DE PART.—Whenever a birth happens in families of gentility, it is usual to send notes to the friends, apprising them of the event, the sex of the child, and the state of its health, and of its mother's. The same formality takes place upon a death, when the notes indicate the day, hour, and place of the funeral; again, in the case of a wedding, two printed circulars are sent together in the name of the parents of each party to the respective friends of both families. The most intimate friends are invited to the wedding entertainments, while the more distant acquaintances are invited to be present at the marriage ceremony at the Church. These notes and circulars bear the common name of billets de part, and those announcing a marriage, answer to the bride's cake of the English, with this distinction, that the latter are sent after the wedding, while the former indicate when the ceremony is to take place.—*Le Mariage en France.*

CHARM OF A RATTLE SNAKE

An extract from "Yemassee," a Romance of South Carolina, by the author of Guy Rivers, &c.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the tabatiel range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little cove of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with bete and there a wild flower gleaming from its green and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriously; and with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which she had no thought for at the moment. Things grew instinct to her wandering eye; the thought was turned inward; and the musing spirit denying the governing sense to the external spirits and conductors, they lasted duly to appreciate the forms that floated, and glided before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in waning circles around her head; and the black snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered but at its appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was singularly impressed with one object, peering out at intervals from the little bush beneath it. She saw, or thought she saw, at moments, through the bright green of the leaves, a star-like glance, a small bright ray, subtle, sharp, beautiful; an eye of the leaf rose, dart ng the most at ching looks into her own. Now the leaves shook and the vines waved elastically and in beautiful forms before her, but the star-like eye was there, bright and gorgeous, and still glancing up to her own. How beautiful, how strange, did it appear to the maiden. She watched it still with a dreaming sense, but with a spirit strangely attracted by its beauty—with a feeling in which awe and admiration were equally commingled. She could have tern forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and from which it gleamed so brilliantly; but once, as she approached, she heard a shrill scream from the tree above her; such a scream as the mock bird makes, when, angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it repelled her approach.

More than once in her survey of this strange object had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of *here*, now darting forward with all the elast-ring fleetness about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, rivetted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy—but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed; a very principle of light; and such a light, a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating light, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her own, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception.

She felt dizzy, for as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her fact. Her limbs felt monently more and more ins cure; her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel a gradual freeze of vein by vein, through-ut her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry, as it were of warning, about her, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it seemed really intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich star-like glance still rivited her own, and the subtle fascination still kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and leaned backward against the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested the audible articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid, yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous *rattlesnake*, now but a few feet from her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated.

She was conscious enough to discriminate and to perceive, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport he slowly unwound himself from his coil, then immediately, the next moment, again gathered himself into its muscular masses; the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth the paralyzing sound, which once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her, its fatal teeth unfolding on either side of its jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and deaying to fear even the privilege of flight. Then the next moment, recovering quickly, it would resume its folds, and with arching neck, which now glittered like a car of brazed copper, and fixed eye, continue calmly as it were to contemplate the victim of its secreted venom, the pendulous rattle still ringing the death note as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is at hand. Its various folds were now complete—the coil forming a series of knots; the muscles now and then rigid, now corded down by the pressure of an ther of its fold into a valley. These suddenly unclasping, in the general effort to strike its enemy, gave it that degree of impetus which enables it to make its stroke as fatal, a the full extent of its own length, as when, suddenly invaded, its head is simply gleamed and the blow given.

The glance of Bess Matthews at this moment upon her enemy, assured her that the spirit of the deadly reptile was about to cease. She could not now mistake the fearful expression of its eye. She strove to scream but her voice died away in her throat. Her lips were sealed; she sought to fly, but her limbs were palsied; she had nothing left of life but its consciousness, and in despair of escape, forced from her by the accumulated agony, she sunk down upon the grass before her enemy; her eyes, however, still open and still looking upon those which he directed forever upon them. She saw him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck was arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she saw the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed when about to strike, the huge jaws inclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she saw no more! Insensibility came here to aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster. In that moment the corpse parted, and an arrow, piercing him through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, along side of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, resting on her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonnestoga; who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as he snake fell, and, with a stick, fearlessly approached him where he lay writhing upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, while shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances, he turned recklessly around, and striking his fangs, so that they were rivetted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over upon his back with a single convulsion, and a moment after lay dead upon the person of the maiden.

GEOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.

From a number of the *Scientific Tracts*, published semi-monthly at Boston, we copy the following "reasons why Geology should be universally introduced as a branch of common education:"

1. It is nearly allied to geography. The connexion and distinct provinces of these two sciences, have already been pointed out in the introductory remarks of this number. From that view it is believed, many will be ready to acknowledge that the claims of this science to becoming a subject of common school instruction, are equally strong with those of geography, and in some points superior.

2. It is an interesting science. It opens to our view a new world, and presents us with numerous objects of beauty and of interest, before unnoticed. The most barren ledges, the commonest rocks and walls by the wayside, destitute of anything to admire or notice, show to groups of young explorers, that these have not merited the long neglect they have suffered: but they contain much that is rich and beautiful, not merely when arranged on the shelves and cases of a cabinet, but when placed on the mantlepiece of the parlor or drawing-room, and furnishing instruction and delight to the most elevated minds.

3. It is among the grandest of sciences. It leads us to view, with increased admiration, the towering mountain and awful precipice, and induces and enables us to examine with greater order and more exalted delight, those features of the earth, which never fail to excite ideas of sublimity even in the rudest mind. We learn from it, that amid the lofty aspect, the terrific grandeur, and the wild confusion of the Alps and Andes, there is order and regularity, which evince the skill of a wise and all powerful architect. Arrangement amidst apparent disorder, a vast storehouse of riches overhung by forms of terror, objects of the highest beauty grouped beneath the awfully sublime, afforded to the passing geologist a moral as well as an intellectual banquet.

4. It gives new interest and increased utility to our journeys and our walks. A person, with the slightest knowledge of geology, never passed from one country or place to another, without finding much to admire, and much to increase his store of knowledge. If he find no thriving village, no field covered with the fruits of the farmer's industry, no fertile tract groaning under its load of stately forest trees, or smiling beneath its dress of beautiful verdure, he will finds, in the barren plain or the broken ledge, much that is beautiful, rich and instructive.

5. It furnishes a healthful and instructive amusement to the young. Wherever it has been introduced into schools, the pupils have taken more or less of their pastime in examining and collecting specimens of minerals within their reach. A geological excursion is uniformly preferred by them to their ordinary sports, too often calculated to denigrate their minds, and unfit them for patient and successful application, when they return to their school rooms or their books.

6. It teaches children to be observing. A thousand objects, before unnoticed, press upon their view; their imagination and taste are awakenened, and called into vigorous and healthful exercise, in discriminating the aspect of objects. Their minds, once put upon the search to d scover what is beautiful and rich in the mineral kingdom, are led to examine other parts of this wide creation; and wherever they go, or whatever they see, they find something to admire, and to convey to their minds entertainment and instruction.

7. It leads to useful discoveries. Wherever the science of geology has been introduced into schools, in to the attention of other young people, valuable discoveries have been made to enrich the treasure of science, or to furnish new sources of industry and of wealth, both to individuals and the nation. If once introduced into all our schools, the whole country would be put under the most minute and rigid examination, and compelled to yield up its treasures, now buried beneath the surface of the earth. In New-England, alone, from one to two hundred thousand young, but ardent and efficient surveyors, might be induced to afford their gratuitous and cheerful services, to explore our resources in the mineral kingdom; and while they amused and instructed themselves, they would make important accessions to the public treasures of science and of wealth.

8. As the adoption of geology as a branch of common education, uniformly leads to a thorough examination of the natural features of the country, it would prepare the way for obtaining maps of all the towns where it should be introduced. Considering the trifling expense at which lithographic prints of town maps can be procured, and the important vehicles they would be to convey a minute and accurate knowledge of the character and resources of our country to the minds of its inhabitants, few subjects better deserve the immediate attention of every town.

9. No science is more practical. It acquaints farmers with the nature of their soils, and the best methods of improving them; civil engineers with the materials for constructing roads, canals, railways, wharves, dams, &c., and the proper method of combining them; artists with the origin and nature of paints, and other substances in common use; and the miner when and how to extend his researches, so as to give him a reward for his labors, and guarding him against abortive attempts.

Agriculture, internal improvements, manufactures, and the various useful arts, occupy, at present, so large a place in public attention, as to render every method which can be adopted to advance them worthy of public and private patronage.

10. The introduction of geology into schools, would tend to promote moral improvement among the young. Perhaps there are not two more unfortunate circumstances attending our system of popular education, than that the exercises of children in the school-room are irksome, and those for recreation are disgusting to the mind. If school-houses could be rendered places of pleasant resort, and amusement sources of useful instruction, the great work of reform in cultivating intellectual and moral taste would be fairly begun. The more innocent and useful amusements are scattered around the young, the less time and disposition they will have to pursue those which are pernicious or useless. No subject, perhaps, is be ter fitted to answer the double purpose of amusement and instructing, than geology. And few are be ter fitted to show the power and wisdom of Him, "who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

11. It is easily acquired. The features of the science are not only striking and grand, but they are few and simple, and exactly fitted to entertain and expand the juvenile mind. By the aid of specimens, with appropriate descriptions, its general principles are more easily and readily understood, than those of any other science which is taught. Nothing is more easy than to introduce it into every district and private school in the country, and to acquaint every child with the names, ingredients and uses of the rocks he daily observes in his walks, and with the prominent geological features of our country.

12. It is necessary. Without it, gentlemen and journals of travels cannot be understood. In some places, a knowledge of the great geological features of the earth is as c mmon and familiar, as of the continents and oceans; and consequently, without the knowledge, a person is liable to find himself ignorant of the most common and familiar topics of conversation, in the society he will frequently meet. To be destitute of a branch of science so important and accessible, is to be unprovided with a great source of mental occupation and entertainment for early life; and in the eaws of teachers, the want of it is the want of power, full and happy means of influencing the youthful mind.

It it should be asked how this science can be most readily introduced into schools, it is answered, from numerous experiments, that fifty or a hundred labelled specimens, with some small manual to describe them, explaining their ingredients, uses, &c., are sufficient to make a beginning; which, if once made, seldom, if ever, fails to be extended to a general knowledge of the subject.

Dr. D. Jayne's

CARMINATIVE BALSAM & HEALTH RESTORATIVE—for Maladies, Spasmodic Affections, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa or Looseness, Dysentery, Hysterics, Nervous Head-Ache, Cholera Infantum or Summer Complaint, Cholera, Cramps, Pain, Flatulency, &c. &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.—As Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam has become so extensively used throughout the United States and West Indies, and is daily taking rounds to its already great celebrity, the proprietor is induced to offer a few remarks on some of the diseases in which it is most useful and beneficial, and which have come under his notice since it has been before the public for three or four years past, and has acquired probably a greater degree of popularity than any similar remedy ever before introduced into general use, certainly no proprietor strives, nor ever has strived, to render it more deserving of its celebrity, and to carefully compounded, so as to be of uniform strength and excellence. It will keep good for years, and grows more pleasant by age. Children are generally very fond of it, and can take it with relish to their food. It is well adapted to the various complaints of children, that every family should always have it in their house, as most families who have used it never do. Parents and travelling persons should always carry it with them.

This medicine is put up in round brass moulded phials of 2 and 4 ounces each, with the words "Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam," blown on them, and the written signature of Dr. Jayne in the centre of each circular—others are counterfeits—none is genuine. This medicine is not recommended as a "Panacea," to cure all diseases to which flesh is heir to," but as a ready remedy for Diarrhœa, The beginning and latter stages of Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, the Spasmodic or Malignant Cholera, Cramps, Cholera Pain and Nervous Headache. For the Summer Complaint of Children, it is unrivalled by any other combination of medicine ever yet offered to the public, as it invariably effected cures, when every other means had failed, and in the aforesaid and all of the other affections that could be procured. Unbounded Doctrines of praise testimony, have been received by the sale of a few bottles of the above Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, and Cholera Infantum cured. The seasons attending the Malignant Cholera have always been supposed in from one to three months time, and that much hundred and fatal disease especially cured without the aid of any other article of medicine, long after collapse had taken place, and the patient had every appearance of being on the verge of eternity, when all hope was gone, and physician and friends in despair. It has thus been a guardian angel, rescuing the determined and dying sufferer from the "fell monster's deadly grasp," and restored him to his anxious friends in good health, and with renewed energy. In fact, its power over dysentery and diarrhœa is wonderful in its effects, as it has never been known to fail of giving relief in a single instance. Griping pains, tremblings and tormenting hiccups, &c. are also soon removed by it. Hundreds of couples and sedentary persons can attest to its superior excellence in such and numerous headaches, as was at one time supposed generally grew them, relief to the source of half an hour. Children labouring under the Summer Complaint, have been cured in a short time after all known remedies had failed, and those too who have been so extremely emaciated that their bones almost protruded through their skins, sent off in hopes of recovery abandoned by all who saw them, have by a few weeks' use of this medicine, been restored to perfect health, and grown absolutely fat upon it.

For sale by DR. D. JAYNE, sole Proprietor, Sole, N. J., and by Isaac Townsend, corner of Second and Market sts., Wm's Young store, No. 180 Market street, T. Williamson, corner of Second and Almond streets, Joseph Rakker, corner of Third and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and by agents in most of the cities in the United States. may 30—3m

Specific Ointment,

(The only True and Genuine of Dr. Wm. Judkins,) for the Cure of

WHITE swellings, sore legs ulcers, glandular tumors, tetters, rheumatic pains, sprains and scalds, bruises and burns, inflammations in women's breasts, glandular swellings, and such wounds, tetters, chilblains, piles, ring-worms, eruptions of long standing, sore eyes, &c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the proprietor.

JAMES B. GLASCOE.
Upper Market street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and of
226 Market street, Philadelphia.

NOTICE—I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been an article of this kind, bearing my name, that has been extensively sold in this city and elsewhere, which (I am sorry to say) is not well prepared nor fit for use, except at two or three places in this city—and after this date it will be prepared by JAMES B. GLASCOE, only; and I take pleasure in recommending that prepared by him, as being the Dr. William Judkins Specific Ointment, as every box will be inspected by me before it is offered for sale. The public, therefore, are cautioned against purchasing any that has not the signature of "James B. Glascoe," written in my own hand writing on the label pasted on each jar. WM. JUDKINS.
mar 28—3m

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 21 South Third street, half way between Market and Chestnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

2000 Spanish Hides,	200 La Guyra Hides,
3000 Chili, do	500 Pernambuco, do
1000 Rio Grande, do	all of the best quality.

2000 Heavy Green Patna Kipps, for Upper Leather.
100 Hds. best Oak Tanned and Rose Butts.
All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted for which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 28 '35—ly No. 21 South Third Street.

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he intends to keep on hand at his Store, N. E. corner of 6th and Wood streets, a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 104 North Second street, below Race, west side.

These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at her unusually low prices. The following articles are included in her assortment, viz: London style prints, stripe and plaid gingham, rich tissue de—cambric and jaconet muslins, lawns, mull and Swiss do—tuscan, rich plaid and check do., superior pure work do., rich embroidered do., thread and undressed laces, linen lawns and Hollands, rich style painted muslins, super printed lawns, furniture and furnishing dimities, marseilles long raglets, do. do. shawls, and bobbs, white and black cotton hose, fancy and slate do., silk, lambs' wool and worsted do., Boudard, kid and hosiery gloves, silk, cotton and linen do., assorted coloured cambrics, plain and fancy ditto, super Cassimeres, do. do. satinets, our cloths, nankins, super French bombazines, Gro de Naples lustrings, Florentines, assorted satins, black and coloured crapes; hand reticules and bags, assorted web bobinets, bobbinet lace and edgings, &c., assorted quilting and furnishing cravats, Italian and fancy silk do., silk and cotton bobbs, Cashmere and fancy shawls, Gloves and shirting flannels, long cloths and shirtings, tickings, checks and plaids, white and coloured flannels, fancy ditto, tapes, bindings, pins, spool cotton, buttons, patent threads, beside—with a variety of other articles not mentioned.
may 2—3m

Cheap Books & Stationery

FOR sale by URIAH HUNT, 101 Market street, (sign of the Mammoth Ledger) a large and extensive assortment of Books and Stationery, particularly adapted to the wants of country merchants and others. Terms accommodating for cash or approved credit. may 2—3m

Thomas Silver,

NO. 252 South Second street, 2d door above South, upper side, is constantly receiving, and has for sale, an assortment of fashionable goods, consisting of Silks and Bombazines, Painted Muslins and Lawns, superfine stripe and plaid Muslins, Fancy Brawns and bdkts., Linen Cambric bdkfs. Needle work, Collars, Gloves and Hosiery, &c. Also,

SUMMER STUFFS,

Striped Jeans, Drillings, Merino Cashmeres and Summer Cloths, assorted colours, superfine 6-4 French Bombazine, Pantaloon Stuffs, with a variety of Goods suitable for men's and boys' wear. Also,

CANTON MATTING,

4, 5 and 6-4 Canton Flour Matting, for sale.

T. S. having lately commenced business, with a wish to become established, will sell goods low for cash.

N. B.—Wanted a young lady to attend. None need apply unless well acquainted with the business. may 16—4t

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article, designed for baking of meats, pastry, and every thing other purposes—embracing every good quality that can be thought of—free from every defect, and wholly unobjectionable, is now offered for inspection and sale at 21 South Fourth street. For efficiency, economy, and durability, no article of the kind will bear any comparison. We challenge any one to point out any essential defect. It is warranted to operate well, and keep in repair free of charge if it fails in any thing that we promise. The following are the principal points in its great simplicity; any one can manage it. It is constructed on principles perfectly original, and is made of all sizes, suited to hotels, boarding houses and private families. It is warranted to bake twelve loaves of bread with 2 quarts of Charcoal; to bake biscuit in fifteen minutes, and all other things in corresponding time. Let such as are interested, if there be any, point out a fault.

GOLD FOSTER & Co 78 Nassau st. New York.
WILLARD JONES, Agent,
21 South Seventh street, Philada.
may 9—6m

CARPENTER'S

COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application to which recourse may be had when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. C. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as a medicine all the qualities here described, and with much pleasure can recommend it to the public, as a safe, pleasant and soothing application, for all external irritable wounds, as inflamed sufferers.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory character, in many cases.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article more to be relied upon, than any other now in use, for healing and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly relieves the healthy process.

Every family in the country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtruded upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 361 Market st. Philadelphia.

As these may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.
jan 31—ly

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST above Fifth street. feb 9, '36—tf

Lorenzo Dow's Medicine.

THIS medicine has been found of great efficacy by those who have used it in New England and elsewhere, for the cure of the following diseases:—Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Ague, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Affections of the Liver, Dropsy, common Bowel Complaints, and Female weakness.

Recommendations—Now, the subscribers having made a free use of Lorenzo Dow's Pennyroyal Cordial, find that we believe it to be a safe and speedy cure for the above mentioned complaints. We believe it pen cularly well adapted to the cases of Females, as a restorative and aperient cordial.

Signed, Peter Griffin, Daniel Burroughs, ministers of the gospel, and Ephraim Gilbert, Judge of the Court, in Boston, Connecticut.

☞ Made and sold by B. WINEBRENNER, Harrisburg, Pa., sole Proprietor for Pennsylvania and the adjoining states.

Also, sold by R. Jordan, S. E. corner of Arch and Third sts. Wm. Brettargeat, S. W. corner of Green and Second streets, Philadelphia, courtesy of Head Alley and South Second street, and by E. A. Hoskins, Western Drug Warehouse, No. 276 Market street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents per bottle.
ap 25—3m*

Rheumatic Expulsive Cordial,

A Sovereign Remedy for the Gout and Rheumatism

THE astonishing efficacy of this medicine, in Gout and Rheumatism, continues to be demonstrated by experiments, daily occurring, and is now offered to the public as a remedy for those complaints. The composition is entirely innocent, and it may be taken safely, being free from all deleterious drugs. In recommending the diseases for which it is prescribed, a truly wonderful, and prompt, as well as permanent and sure remedy in the several cases. Those who have no confidence in advertised cures, (and it is acknowledged they are often delusive) are invited to try this, which is believed to be the only remedy ever offered for Gout and Rheumatism, that deserves the name.

The pains supplied gratis.

Sold by the Agents,
BLANKMAN & Co.
mar 14—ow5m 283 Walnut Street.

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been refitted, and she is now receiving a full and extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 104 North Second street, below Race, west side.

These goods have been selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at her unusually low prices. The following articles are included in her assortment, viz: London style